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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

HEROISM DEGRADED.

Seven Years' Campaigning in the Peninsula and the Netherlands, from 1808 to 1815. By Sir Richard D. Henegan, formerly Head of the Field-train Department with the Allied Armies, &c. &c. 2 vols. H. Colburn.

It may be presumed that publishers are the best judges of the literary market, and what may be the demand it is their business to supply. Were it not for this notion, we should be apt to imagine there had been such a glut of productions of the present class that there could be no call for more. The truth is, that after the first flush of these soldier-narratives, adding a something of personal adventure and individual interest to the general scenes of the great drama of the war, they became same and fatiguing. The vanity and egotism of writers who figure on the page cease to supply any variety of materials, and we occasionally get rather sick of their successful amours among the female sex, their hunting or shooting exploits, their dismal bivouacs jollified by accidental provender, and all the other little matters pertaining to campaigning, which, at any rate, seem to be of importance enough . . . to themselves. By such writings the illusion of the heroic is dissipated, and all the naked folly and detailed wickedness of war is exposed. The author of these volumes is not behind the most self-glorying of the candidates for separate individual continental fame. What between the field-train and the trains of the women, caissons and kissings, battering and flattering, his heroism is proudly displayed, and his gallantry made conspicuous in both services; as equally alert in dispensing balls for Mars, and dancing at balls for Venus.

Upon looking at the pictures thus conjured up, feelings of different natures may be excited; and yet hardly one sensation of a pleasing kind. When we see national struggles for the greatest of all objects, liberty and independence, strip of their greatness, and made frivolous in detail, our minds revolt from the incongruous and disagreeable association. Grand and devoted deeds, which throw a halo even over inhuman battle-fields, or the more horrible assault and sack of populous cities, not only lose their radiance, but become disgusting, when coupled with demi-jocular anecdotes of pilfering ravages, petty butcheries, and brutish lusts. The peace advocates might do well with their arguments to turn men from wars, were they to leave the masses of its evils, so difficult for the imagination to conceive, and address themselves to the unredeemable debasement of its collateral adjuncts, such as are described *con amore* by Sir Richard Henegan. Cruelly united with Folly, as a Siamese twin, is doubly odious.

The heads of the chapters of the Head of the Field-train indicate the points which have induced these brief reflections. Ex. gr.—The author "is mistaken for a French spy, and sentenced to be hanged"—"horrible suspense [not hanging, for that would have prevented us from having the book] of the author"—"A romantic incident"—"The old woman's tale"—"A village fête"—"Daglish and the women"—"Evils of war"—"French brutality to women"—"Atrocities"—"A difficult problem"—"The gallant disturbed"—"Massacre of French prisoners"—"Old blue breeches"—"Horrible spectacle"—"A sermon encores"—"The author, attacked by the pestilence, is nursed by a beautiful Marchese"—"An un-

welcome discovery"—Elopement of Donna V—a Lieut W—"Diminution of flirtation"—"Terrible case of amputation of both legs"—"An involuntary embrace"—"Murder and suicide"—"War declared between the ladies and the paymaster"—"Capt. S—r hanged"—"Cock-crowing denounced, massacre of the chanteclers"—"Don José and his gutted mansion"—"Drinking bout"—"The atrocities of war"—"Irish officer and his nightcap"—"Devotion in death"—"Disadvantages of long feathers"—"Donna Flora"—"An embarrassing position"—"Dreadful effects of a shell"—"Beef-steaks and oyster-sauce"—"Mysterious noises in the night"—"The padre's sister"—"Horrible outrage on the nuna"—"The timely joke," &c. &c. &c. The simply placing these topics in juxtaposition may save us from the trouble of reviewing such a hodge-podge and gallimaufry of distorted and uncongenial ingredients; and, truly, we regret to witness the name of an honoured person to such a trashy and rather discreditable performance, if we consider his rank and what we could desire an eminent British officer to appear in the eyes of the world. The author, however, seems to be dissatisfied with the amount of acknowledgment accorded to his military services; and has rushed into print to make his higher merits known. Col. Gurwood did him wrong in not quoting his authority (as was done in the *Gazette Extraordinary*) for the guns, &c. taken at Vittoria; and the importance of the department over which he presided is by no means sufficiently understood and valued:

"Notwithstanding (he writes) the high degree of military merit that must always be attached to the names of Robert Gardner, Webber Smith, Hugh Ross, Norman Ramsey, and other officers who commanded as captains of artillery on the plains of Vittoria, it may perhaps be asked why the artillery—valuable as were its services—should have been selected for special reward, where each corps vied with each other in conspicuous gallantry. None were more surprised at the circumstances than the fortunate officers who were so selected; but whatever might have been the justice or injustice of thus marking out the officers of artillery for a special sign of approbation from the country, it is undeniable that the field-train should have been included in the grant; for the high state of equipment which had enabled the whole of the British artillery to be brought into action, was essentially contributed to by the indefatigable exertions of the department of which I was the chief officer. It is necessary to observe upon the unity that exists between a soldier and his means of warfare, without the efficiency of which his exertions are paralysed; and in that same close connexion did the field-train stand united to the royal artillery."

There could be no fighting if it did not supply the ammunition wheresoever needed; and yet the troops that fire it off run away with nearly all the praise. No doubt it is a most essential branch, and we dare say was ably conducted by our author, and the Guelphic order with which he is decorated is an evidence of the fact. We do not know that it would shine less brightly, if proclaimed by the voice of Fame rather than by the voice of the party decorated; and we are sure if the lady-love stories had been left out, the whole would have been more consistent with good taste and good sense. What is amusing in the mess-room is but poor in print. Of this truism we select a proof or two, not because they are the most palpable, but because they are the shortest.

"There was a corporal in my party of the name of Daglish, by birth an Irishman, and a sad wicked dog, though a great favourite with every one. He had a turn for gallantry—guitarizing, singing, and all the lighter accomplishments; in short, he had studied what the French call *l'art de plaisir*, and withal had a stout heart and a stout arm in the hour of need. This man was constantly getting into some scrape, in the pursuance, not of his duties, but of his pleasures: and so many were the shots fired at him by suspicious husbands and jealous lovers, that it was reported by his comrades, that a charmed bullet alone could put an end to his career. * * *

"Having ascertained that the boats I came to inspect might, at a short notice, be rendered serviceable, I gave myself up for the rest of the evening to the enjoyment of the little fête which the villagers were preparing for us—or rather, I should say, for Daglish, for he had already, à force de coup d'œil, ingratiated himself with the fairer portion of the inhabitants. When the last rays of the setting sun had disappeared behind the mountains, the evening's merriment commenced. A young Portuguese struck with a masterly hand the chords of the guitar, and to his well-marked bolero and fandango, the graceful couples of both sexes bent their forms in the passionate and graceful attitudes of these truly national dances. The slow and soft measure of the waltz succeeded in its turn; and I encircled in my arms the sylph-like form of Isabella, my host's pretty daughter. The sounds ceased; wine went freely round, and no small degree of astonishment was excited by the copious libations indulged in by Daglish. At length, more brisk and joyous than was even his wont, he started on his legs, and to his own whistling performed the sailor's hornpipe, with exertions and contortions that made the room resound with shrieks of laughter. Some degree of order was at last restored, and, as at a London rout, the company gradually dropped off. Our friend, Daglish, also disappeared, and I was left alone with Isabella and her mother. It would have been most unnatural to have so soon forgotten the pretty head that had found a resting-place on my shoulder during the mazes of the waltz; and in truth, the recollection of it had taken from my eyes all desire to close them in sleep that night; I longed to rob from it a few hours to add to the day, and seeing a guitar, I placed it in the hands of the fair Isabella, in the hope of detaining her a few minutes longer in my sight. With an arch smile she warbled in her native tongue some stanzas that I have rendered imperfect justice to in the following translation:

'The night-flowers are opening
Their charms to the breeze;
The moonbeams are dancing
Midst foliage of trees.
'Tis the hour for the lover
To steal the fond sigh,
When Cynthia's soft cover
Whispers, "No danger nigh."

There are two other stanzas: and "as Isabella finished the last words she laid down the instrument, and kissing her hand to me with a most provoking expression, not altogether free from coquetry, tripped lightly from the room. The old mother then rose, and conducted me to my sleeping-chamber, where a mat was spread for my repose. I threw myself on it without undressing, as our departure was fixed for a very early hour on the following morning. Scarcely had the scene of the past evening begun to blend with the shadowy dreaminess that precedes sleep, when I was dis-

turbed by a tremendous uproar. I started up—nearer and nearer it approached. A thundering ‘God d—the villains!’ from the well-known voice of Daglish left me in no doubt as to the identity of the principal actor in the affray. I flew to my sword, and throwing up the window—it was not very high from the ground—out I jumped, to the no-s small joy of Daglish, who was fighting and swearing in the midst of a throng of peasants armed with every thing they could lay hold of in the hurry of the moment. As soon as I appeared they attacked me also, and a desperate fight took place between us. We wounded several of them in our own defence; and the rest were beginning to give way, when a reinforcing party came up with fire-arms, and sent a shot through the arm of poor Daglish, that stopped his hurrahs! Another bullet sharply grazing my side, we began to think that *suave qui peut* would be our best defence against such odds. Off we started as fast as our heels could take us to the spot where our boat lay, and succeeded in unmooring it, and shoving off, just in time to escape from our assailants. But our danger was not to end here. The river was rolling with frightful rapidity, and our boat dashed down the current at a rate that makes me giddy to think of. Suddenly we came to an eddy or whirlpool, and our boat, spinning round and round, shot head foremost with tremendous velocity into the depths below. As good luck would have it, the long branches of the trees that skirt the banks of the Douro extended to a considerable distance, and we had also the good luck to catch hold of them in rising to the surface after our cold plunge. ‘Pray, Daglish,’ said I, when we had got safe back to our quarters, ‘what the devil was the cause of all this uproar?’ ‘Och, please your honour,’ responded Daglish, endeavouring to assume a modest look, ‘does your honour ax the rason? Why, ‘twas nothing at all at all, but a woman fell in love with me, and, you see, her husband didn’t like it.’

Here is a portrait of a minister of religion in the midst of one of the most afflictive of mortal visitations—the plague:

“Anxious to be at his post by the bedside of the dying, he was equally unanxious to make one of the number; and the extraordinary measures and precautions he took to avoid contagion caused many a joke among the soldiers. ‘Which way does the wind blow?’ were his first words on entering a sick-ward, having been admonished by the surgeon to keep on the windward-side of the patient. In following this advice there was, however, some difficulty; for as the beds of the sick lay in different directions, the same breeze that placed poor Heyward in safety on one side wafted the contagious air over to him from the other; and so there he used to twist and twirl like a weathercock in a hurricane, facing the four cardinal points in turn, without the power of commanding his own stability. No doubt his disinclination to quit this world arose from the great enjoyment he felt in it. Nor must it be denied that he also contributed largely, by his agreeable ways, to the enjoyment of others. His *bon-mots* were always to the point; and if, as sometimes happened, a soldier’s toast was proposed in his presence, or joyous song, with less of romance than truth in its composition, the Doctor, as we used to call him, would only say, ‘Gentlemen, I am more than usually deaf to-night.’”

In our opinion, such a tale had been better left untold, even by a sufferer, who goes on to inform us of himself:

“I was billeted in the Quartier Buenos Ayres, at the house of a young and beautiful Marchese; but the fatigue of the voyage had been too much for my exhausted state; and immediately on landing I suffered a relapse that placed my life in imminent danger. It was some days before I recovered from the delirium of this paroxysm of fever; and the first object that presented itself to my weak and wandering senses was the Marchese

bending over me with a tender expression of pity in her angel-like countenance that I can never forget. For weeks she was my gentle nurse; and when at length my natural strength of constitution gave hopes of returning health, she would diversify the amusements of the day until I marvelled to find it so soon past. Her sweet voice would harmonise with the soft accompaniment of the guitar, and deeds of valour and tales of love would, from her lips, waft me from the dull reality of existence to the sunny region of romance. One evening, the couch on which I still reclined was placed by the side of an open window leading to a terrace where the delicious perfumes of the citron and orange-flower were fanned by the sultry breeze. As my fair nurse approached to place in my breast the rose she had just gathered, a chain she wore, to which a medallion was suspended, became entangled round my arm, and fell to the ground. It opened in the fall, and I started at seeing the noble and expressive features of my friend, Colonel Don Antonio Xavier, who had shewn to me at Oporto the kindness of a brother. In one moment the illusion that fancy had flung around me was destroyed; nor could an eternity of time have restored me to the feelings that were past—never to return.”

Romancing, however, we shall now quit, even though the author, describing Waterloo, quotes the exploded fiction about “Up, guards, and at them!” as words (*never spoken, be it remembered*) that will thrill through the hearts of men long after [they?] who spoke them and they who responded to them are passed away. Most of the military statements of the elevated commissary are of no higher authority, being generally repetitions or versions of the newspaper accounts of the day. *Natura ultra crepidam*—we close with the best example of intelligence or information we can detect in the seven years’ *olla podrida*:

“The strength of the Anglo-Portuguese army brought into action at Vittoria may be stated in round numbers at fifty thousand infantry and eight thousand cavalry. The Spaniards numbered twenty-two thousand, and had the charge of their own ammunition; that of the Anglo-Portuguese was under the author’s direction; and to those who have turned their thoughts to the almost incredible disproportion that exists between the number of shots fired and the casualties they occasion on a field of battle, this note will not be void of interest. At Vittoria, each infantry soldier, on entering the field, had sixty rounds of ball-cartridges in his cartouch-box for immediate use, making a total of three million rounds. As near as possible to the divisions of the army were brigades of small-arm ammunition to feed the expenditure; and from the commencement to the close of the engagement one million three hundred and fifty thousand rounds of ball-cartridges were issued by the field-train to the troops. Now, allowing one half of these to have been expended at the termination of the battle, there was still a total of three million six hundred and seventy-five thousand rounds fired against the enemy. The French lost in killed and wounded eight thousand out of ninety thousand combatants; therefore it follows that only one musket-shot out of four hundred and fifty-nine took effect! and this calculation excludes altogether the injury inflicted on the enemy by ninety pieces of artillery, which, upon the average, fired on that day seventy-three rounds of shot and shell each, making a total of six thousand eight hundred and seventy rounds. The cavalry was but slightly engaged during the day, but the fire of the Spaniards may be supposed to have been commensurate with that of the other combatants, as they were at times very closely engaged with the enemy. At every battle in the Peninsula except Barossa the author remarked the same undue expenditure of ammunition in relation to the small extent of damage done; and, from whatever cause this immense waste of powder and shot may have proceeded, whether from the

ground being irregular, or from the smoke obstructing the sight, or from the musket being discharged at a slight elevation, or from these three causes combined, it is a subject well worthy the attention of commanding officers of regiments.”

THE CORNISH DIALECT.

Specimens of Cornish Provincial Dialect. Collected and arranged by Uncle Jan Treenoodle. 8vo, pp. 108. London, J. Russell Smith.

UNCLE JAN TREENODDLE, despite his name, is no noddle. He has here given us a most curious volume; rescued from oblivion several Cornish gems, diamonds of song,—some a first appearance in print, others selected; and moreover, by a well-written introduction and other papers, with a comprehensive glossary, proved himself, or the friend he speaks of, to be no mean antiquary. *Ez. gr.:*

“The first part of this little collection contains some specimens of the present Cornish provincial dialect, which is but little known out of the county; and even there is gradually wearing away in the towns; and is scarcely to be heard in its full richness, except in the mining districts, or in the parts most remote from traffic and intercourse with strangers. To be properly appreciated it should be heard, being accompanied by a peculiar intonation or singing accent; a species of recitation, which has rather a pleasing effect, though it may render the dialect less intelligible to those unaccustomed to it. It is quite distinct from the ancient Cornish language, which was a dialect of the Celtic, and very similar to the Welch. This has been obsolete as a living language for some centuries. Andrew Borde, a physician in the time of Henry VIII. says: ‘In Cornwall is two speeches, the one is naughty Englyshe, and the other is Cornyshe speche. And there be many men and women the which cannot speake one word of Englyshe, but all Cornyshe.’ This implies that the Cornish was then no longer the general language of the country. Carew, in his Survey, 1602, writes: ‘Most of the inhabitants can no word of Cornish, but very few are ignorant of the English, though they sometimes affect to be.’ Norden, whose Survey of the county was written about 1584, says: ‘Of late the Cornishe men haue muche conformed themselves to the use of the Englishe tongue, and their Englishe is equal to the beste, especially in the easterne partes; even from Truro eastwards it is in manner wholy Englishe. In the weste parte of the countrey, as in the hundreds of Penwith and Kerrier, the Cornishe tongue is mooste in use amonsgte the inhabitanthes, and yet (whiche is to be marueyld) though the husband and wife, parents and children, master and seruantes, doe mutually communicate in their nativie language, yet ther is none of them in manner but is able to conuerse with a straunger in the Englishe tongue, unless it be some obscure people that seldom conferr with the better sorte: but it seemeth that in few years the Cornishe language wilbe by little and litle abandoned.’ Scawen, towards the latter part of the 17th century, states, that Mr. Francis Robinson of Landewednack (the parish at the Lizard), had recently preached a sermon in Cornish, as being the language best known to his auditory; but this was in a remote part of the county, having little communication with others, and he is said to have been the last person who preached in Cornish; Scawen adds, that an old woman had died about two years before, at the great age of 164, who could scarcely speak anything but Cornish; but he says, that the old language was, in general, quite extinct. Ray, in 1662, says, that Mr. Dicken Gwyne was considered the only person who could write in the Cornish language, that few of the children could speak it, and that it would soon be lost. Hals, in the beginning of last century, remarks, that the old Cornish tongue was retained in the parish of Feock till about 1640, and that Mr. William Jackman, the vicar, was obliged to administer the sacrament in that tongue, because the old people did not well understand English. It

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had probably ceased to be generally spoken in the county prior to the time of Henry the Eighth; but a disquisition on this subject would scarcely be in character with the slight pretensions of this compilation. However, in the latter half of the past century, Dolly Pentreath is mentioned as the last person speaking this tongue; but as there is no account from any person well skilled in the subject, particularising her idiom, it may have been only a very broad provincial dialect, intermixed with much of the ancient language, which, with a stranger, might have passed for old Cornish. About the same time, or but a few years previous, two other old women are mentioned (Jane Cock and Jane Woolcock), who were conversant with the language. Dolly Pentreath died in 1778, aged 102, and as she, at all events, has the reputation of being the last speaker of ancient Cornish, her portrait, taken from a contemporary print, appears as our frontispiece. An engraving of her is also given in Cyrus Redding's illustrated Cornwall, a book which every admirer of the county should have. The modern provincial dialect contains many Cornish words, and also several Saxon terms now in general obsolete, but which were in common use about the time of Queen Elizabeth, and may be found in Shakespeare, and contemporary writers. Of the provincial specimens, numbers 2 and 7 were written by Mr. Fox about 50 years since; number 7 has been printed in three or four works. No. 4 has been printed in Polwhele's History of Cornwall, and No. 3 was privately printed by the late D. Gilbert. A version of the Barley-mow song is in Chappell's valuable and interesting collection of National English Airs; that now given is as sung at harvest-time and other rural meetings in the west. No. 9 is a familiar specimen of telling a story in a moderated dialect. The Christmas plays are still acted in Cornwall, and the editor has given one out of several variations in his possession. The second part contains some pieces connected with Cornwall, though not in the dialect. The Furry-day Song is sung annually on the morning of the 8th of May, at Helston, where an ancient custom is kept up, for all ranks to dance through the streets to a peculiar tune; each class forming its distinct set, and passing through the town with great spirit. The origin of this custom is unknown, and it would be curious to ascertain when and why the first Furry-day was kept. Many theories have been started on the subject, and if we had at work for us the intelligence in these matters of a Crofton Croker, it might perhaps have been discovered. Some have derived it from the Floralia; D. Gilbert from "foray," supposing it to be in commemoration of some victory over the Saxons; but neither of these suppositions are probable. It may have had rise from some of the May-day ceremonies, modified by local traditions."

A laughable and punning autobiography of the Treneoodle family succeeds this introductory matter. The annexed may be taken as a sample:

"When Edward the Third came to be king, he gave his warrant for the head of our family for he and his heirs to provide night-cap for the Kings of England; so they comded ento Cornwall; and he also gived he leave to keep his head cover'd before the king, which the newspapers ded say 'twere because he ded have a sore head, but that were a stram. In the hubbub made by Perkin Warbeck when he made wise the crown were his, we refused to give he a night-cap, and took'd paart with the king. In the riots of 1550 howsomdever the husband of one of the family were charged with having joined the rioters (which he hadn't a done) and he were hanged with many more of his comrades by one Sir A. Kingston. His wife, when she heard of his going to be took'd to the 'sizes' ded think to go for to ax him to be let off, but she had just a got a brand new French hood, which was then the fashions, and spent so long before the glass to make herself look fitty and brave, and her opinion were so long suspended as to the best coose,

that when she comed her husband were suspended too. She did afterwards get into difficulties herself, because she were heerd say of Queen Elizabeth, jist about the time that she scared away the Spanjards armadillo from her Tilbury, that her dress were partly ruff, but her temper were rougher."

From the humorous prose-sketches we quote the following, as the most like English:

"An ould man found, one day, a young gentleman's portmante, as he were a going to es dennar; he took'd et en and gived et to es wife, and said: 'Mally, here's a roul of lither, look, see, I suppose some poor ould shoe-maker or other have lo's'en, tak'en and put'en a top of the teaster of the bed, he'll be glad to hab'en agen sum day, I dear say.' The ould man, Jan, that was es neame, went to es work as before. Mally then open'd the portmante, and found en et three hundred pounds. Soon after thes, the ould man not being very well, Mally said, 'Jan, I ave saaved away a little money, by the bye, and as thee caan't read or write, thee shu'st go to school (he were then nigh threescore and ten). He went but a very short time, and comed hoam one day, and said: 'Mally, I wain't go to school no more, 'cause the childer do be laffen at me, they can tell their letters, and I can't tell my A. B. C., and I wud rayther go to work agen.' 'Do at thee wool,' ses Mally. Jan had not ben out many days, afore the young gentleman came by that lost the portmante, and said, 'Well, my ould man, did ee see or hear tell of such a thing as a portmante?' 'Portmante, sar, was't that un, sumthing like thick? (pointing to one behind es saddle). I found one the t'other day zackly like that.' 'Where es et?' 'Come along, I carr'd en and go'ven to my wife Mally; thee sha'st av'en. Mally, where es that roul of lither that I giv'd the t'other day?' 'What roul of lither?' said Mally. 'The roul of lither I brost en an tould tha to put'en a top of the teaster of the bed, afore I go'd to school.' 'Drat the emperance,' said the gentleman, 'the art battawelled, that was before I were born.'

Fix Uncle Jan! it would seem that thy primitive countrywomen can appropriate a "portmante" with as impudent a grace as our railway-thieves.

We will now give an example of the poetry, from a "Visit to Lunnon."

"Thee'st be sure that I went for to see them play-actors, And they told I they shad'f some famousest caracters, I can't tell'e the name, but once there comded en A fellor weth breeches and weth coat all of tin. Then they caal'd him a goat, and they made wise to start; For a buch-a-boo tho he ded seeme cruel smart.

And a comrade in black weth the shivers were took, And he squinched, till I were nigh shrinned weth es look;

Thrawed en hat on the planchen, and ded kicky rayther, Then next he comed out, 'How do'e fadge, royal fether?

Why's thee en sich a takeing? things doesn't seem suant.'

Says the goat, 'Uncle Clodgy's ben playen the truant,

He gave me a seat on the chucks for the nonce,

Then without being caal'd out, he ded marry to once

Your mother; because why, I were perfectly dead,

And it were all along of that whap on the head.

But I tell'ee what, Soz, don't'ee lev hem alone.'

'Why plase sure then I wain't,' said en cheeld with a groan;

That's es comrade, 'twere Hamlet I mind were his name,

And he tarvied about, and sed 'twere a big sheame.

Well then, down a great shaft goes the man in latteen,

As et were the man Ingine, up to Treaveyan.

Then Hamlet hisself did fetch about like one mazed;

Drove a maiden weth whom he keepe company, crazed;

And sent she to Passon, for a nun of se;

'Caase he couldn't afford for to have none of she.'

The young 'oman herself on a pond were found dead,

And the crowner's 'quest varlet said, she were drowned.

At last comded ould Oncle, and a skrimmage and strow;

And they all thrash'd each other, so ended that show.

Then a passel of maidens comed en to the pleace,

Each so smarta thes caan't think, weth a pure roagish

feace;

And begin'd for to skeyea and to fad'e so friskis,

Why they seemed to my mind like a passel of piskeys,

But their coats was so short—I'm as ashamed—why I sees

As far—es I ded 'fath—auh!—quite up to the knees.

Sich a guakum were I, that I first turned my feace,

But were forced to turn back, to make sure 'twere the

caase,

And then to be sure 'twere a cruel fine shew;

Don't'ee laugh—tes the dauncing I means, thes doe know.

'Fore the parlement members the next day I goes,

To tell'pon the rail-roads, what so be I suppose.

From St. Joost to the Loggan's one thees't may depend,

Weth a branch to Tol Pedn, and one to Land's End.

What powers of folks sure, there comed in to gaape,
I were squabb'd 'gen the durnes, I were en a fine shaape,
Sich poocks and sick tousing, and when I had scrouged
en, I

Seed the please just about weren't so large as my linney.
Well, when I fetch'd en too, sich a scavel and gow
I ne'er heard afore sure, why possed oop en a row
Was a score or some counsellors, all on discone,
And a josing, and tearing, and making good conse.

About some'at they was so polumpituous good,
Ef haalf sed two was two, 'other haalf sed 'twas not.
Well they argued then, of the road were but maade,
There wud be ther for sarten, a pure stem of traade,

And began for to axe of my comrades and I,
To tell up all they things, we thoft wud be carr'd by.
All the catches, the wains, and the butts, all the gaffers,
And the gammers, the chilfer, the hoses, the yeifers;

And sich masheas of turmits, and tubbans, and turves,
Will en scools be like pilchers,) the seal milk and veers,
Molls, poldavy, tin-stuff, copper-ore, and mabeyers,
With carts, Bal-girls, and gooses, and appuls, and cows.

Why they out to countoughs too and padgetepows.
Then they thouft a pity rail-roads was not maade,
Thos 'twere not for their fangings they cried up that
traade.

If they tried for to stock us, 'twere all for the best,
And our fortins was maade, ef our cuyn we ded 'vest.

Now I waray that there might be all pure and fitty,
Ef so be I were to be the purisioned committee;
But then, doubting says I, theickey might be the cause,
'Tess well for to fetch hoam, and lev out from this place.
Then they som'at communed about stags and stagnation,

And that ef we was stagg'd 'twere for good of the naastion,
To rise some of they rail-roads, to fetch any vallee.

Uncle Jan, too, tells a scandalous story of Aunt Betty, who "had a ben too forthey en teeming out her licker, and p'raps were a little boosy, and she were found 'pon the sea shoare, laid down as ef she were to bed, and the water were comed oop to her face and flopping agen et, and she were a saying quite genteely like, 'Nat a drap more, nat a drap more, thankee!'"

But to part with Mr. Treneoodle in good humour we will recommend a Cornish song—never before printed, we believe—to his notice for the next edition, only hoping that he will excuse any mistakes there may be in our spelling:

Come, all ye jolly Tinner boys, and listen to me;
I'll tell'ee of a storie shall make ye for to see
Consuming Boney Peartie, the schaumes which he ha
maade
To stop our tin and copper mines, and all our pilchard
traade.

He summoned forty thousand men, to Polland they did
goa,
All for to rob and plunder there you very well do knawa,
But ten-thou-sand were killed, and laude dead in blood
and goare,
And thirty thousand ranned away, and I cante tell where,
I'm sure.

And should that Boney Peartie have forty thousand still
To make into an army to work his wicked will,
And try to invaide us, if he doent quickly fly—
Why, forty thousand Cornish boys shall knawa the reason
why.

Hurea for tin and copper, boys, and fisheries likewise!
Hurea for Cornish maadens—oh, bless their pretty eyest!
Hurea for our old gentrie, and may they never faile!
Hurea, hurea for Cornwall! hurea, boys, "one and ale!"

POETRY.—CENTO.

The New Timon: a Romance of London. Part IV.
Colburn.

THE essential spirit of *Timon* certainly evaporated in the earlier portion of the poem, and left the residuum, though not destitute of merit, of an inferior and less pungent quality. This Part brings it to a close, and is even more didactic than the preceding. It seems as if a vivid design had been conceived, but that the writer had either grown tired of his task, or that the subject had been found more flat than was anticipated in working it out to an effective *dénouement*. Arden is described at length as failing to acquire the affections of his restored daughter, who cannot but remember her mother's wrongs and broken-hearted death; whilst in Morvale, the misanthrope, there rages a mortal conflict of fierce passions, whether to avenge his hapless sister, or flee from the world and bury himself in the desert.

"Meanwhile to Morvale!—Sorrow, like the wind
O'er trees, stirs varying o'er each human mind,

Uprooting some, from some it doth but strew
Blossom and leaf; while a spring restores anew;
From some but shakes rich powers unknown in calm,
And wakes the trouble to extract the balm.
Let weaker natures suffer and despair;
Great souls snatch vigour from the stormy air;
Grief not the languor, but the action brings;
And clouds the horizon but to nerve the wings.
Up from his heavy thought, one dawning day,
The Indian, silent, rose, and went his way;
Palace, and pomp, and wealth, and ease, resigned,
As one new-born he plunged amidst his kind,
Whither, with what intent, he scarce divined."

Smitten by the painful circumstances around him, Arden becomes penitent, and removes the corpse of his Mary from its vile London sepulture to the beautiful rural churchyard of her native home, where their first love and dreams of happiness were enjoyed. Here he visits the grave every night with compunctionous remorse.

"From the rank soil in which grim London shrouds
Her dead,—the green halls of the ghostly crowds—
To bear his Mary's dust; the dust to lay
By the clear rill, beside her father's clay,
Amidst those scenes which saw the rapture-strife
And growth of passion—life's sweet storm-of-life,
Consign the silent pulse, the moulderling heart,
Deaf to the joy to meet—the woe to part;
Rounding and binding there, as into one;
Sad page, the tale of all beneath the sun:
And there, before that grave—beneath the beam
Of the lone stars, and by that starlit-stream,
To lead the pledge of that fresh morn of love,
And while the pardoning skies seemed soft above,
Murmur, 'For her sake, her, who reconciled,
Hears us in heaven, give me thy heart, my child!'
But first—before his conscious soul could dare
For the consoling balm to pour the prayer,
Alone the shadows of the past to brave,
Alone to commune with the accusing grave,
And shrive repentance of its haunting gloom
Before life's true confessional—the tomb!
Such made his dream!—Oh! not in vain the creed
Of old that knit atonement with the dead!
The penitent offering, the lustrating tide,
The wandering, haunted, hopeful homicide,
Who sees the spot to which the Furies urge,
Where hate the hell-bounds, and where drops the
scourge,

And the appeased Manes pitying sigh,
"Thou hast atoned! once more enjoy the sky!"

Such made the dream he rushes to fulfil!
Round the new mound bubbles the living rill;
A name, the name that Arden's wife should bear,
Sculptures the late and vain remembrance there.
O'er the same bridge which once to rapture led,
Glide the same steps their pathway to the dead;
Night after night the same lone shadow gave
A tremulous darkness to the hurrying wave;
Lost and then, lengthening from the neighbouring
yews,

Dims the wan shimmer of the moon-lit dew,
Then gauze a grave; and from the mound is thrown
Still as the shadow of its funeral stone!"

The foregoing quotations present as fair examples of the beauties and imperfections of the poem as we could select. The simile in the first is a fine one, and perfect but for the feebleness of the second line, and perhaps the inelegance of the two *but*s in the last couplet. The longer quotation has also much to admire, though incapable of bearing strict critical examination. The bad rhyme of 'creed' and 'dead' is only a sample of others equally unallowable in finished composition; such as 'yearn,' 'return'; 'war,' 'abor'; 'led,' 'dead'; 'late,' 'desolate,' &c. &c.; and, besides some prosaic passages, the frequent changes of time which occur in almost every page, one line being in the present and the next in the past,—are blemishes to be noticed, if not too pertinaciously dwelt upon, in a piece of very considerable power and pretension. How difficult it is, for instance, to make sense of this couplet:

"No shelter won from Arden's lofty name,
Her pastor-grandsire's virtues shield from shame."

Morvale's wanderings among gypsies and peasants are not very attractive; yet his philosophising upon their conditions, and comparing them with his own, sometimes lead to just and pertinent reflections. Thus he

"At times with honest toil reposed—at times
Where gnawing wants beset despairing crimes,
Both still betrayed the sojourn of his soul.
Here wise to cheer, there fearless to control.
His that strange power the church's fathers had
To awe the fierce and to console the sad;

For he, like them, had sinned; like them had known
Life's wild extremes; their trials were his own!
Were we as rich in charity of deed
As gold, what rock would bloom not with the seed?
We give our alms, and cry, 'What can we more?'
One hour of time were worth a load of ore!
Give to the ignorant our own wisdom!—give
Sorrow our comfort!—lend to those who live
In crime the counsels of our virtue!—share
With souls our souls,—and Satan shall despair!
Alas, what converts one man, who would take
The cross and staff, and house with Guilt, could make!"

There is great truth condensed in these few lines; and they suitably pave the way for Morvale's conquering his inherent heathen nature for the milder precepts of Christianity. In this relenting mood he saves his foe, Arden, from being drowned, and watches his sick-bed till relieved by the presence of his daughter, which, reviving his stifled love, he again flies from her and hope. In the middle of this trying scene we have a remarkable offence against good taste to be committed by such a writer. With all the touching interests of the poem elaborated to the culminating point, what can be more incongruous than the following satirical introduction of the medical profession? it is as if a clown or buffoon were to appear in the catastrophe of a tragedy. Morvale bears the senseless form of Arden from the river to an adjacent house, and

"Life with the dawn comes sure, if faint and slow,
And all night long the foeman watched the foe.
Day came to earth, not light unto the mind;
Sleep passed, the waking is a veil more blind.
The soul, scared roughly from its mansion, glides
O'er many wastes through which the meteor guides.
The startled menial, who alone of all
The hirking pomp that swarms in Arden's hall
Attends his lord,—dismayed lest one so high,
Without all arts that fawn on death, should die,
Departs in haste to seek the subtler skill
Which fashion charters with the right to kill,
And summon Lucy to the solemn room
To watch the father's life, fast by the mother's tomb!"

* * * * *

The learned leach proclaims the danger past;
Fast had he sped—he must return as fast.
No fee can bribe—three dukes have got the gout;
The leach is lost if dukes can do without!
What hosts of brethren, envious of his hordes,
May drench, and—thought of horror!—cure his lords!"

In a little while Arden dies, leaving great wealth to Lucy; but she is defeated of it by a legal verbal quibble in the wording of the will; and, reduced to poverty, seeks humble life and shelter in the village near which lie interred the bodies of her finally united parents. The author here launches a poetical diatribe against the laws as they affect natural children, and adds in a note:

"In most civilised countries a father is permitted to own the offspring, whom, unless he do so, he has wronged at its very birth; whom, if he do not so, he wrongs irremediably: with us the error is denied reparation, and the innocence is sentenced to outlawry. Our laws with relation to illegitimate children are the most infamous violation of humanity, of justice, of Christian piety, which hypocrisy has yet inflicted upon the rights of nature and the heart of man."

But Morvale, in the end, repairs the injury of these injurious laws, and the New Timon is made superlatively blessed with their victim; who, at the evening grave of her father and mother, murmurs:

"Two years ago this day—
Dost thou remember?—I was a worn of May—
An outcast in the city state and wept!
That day, the birthday of her soul, he kept!
That day, thy stranger-hand outstretched to save,
Thy home the roof, thy heart the shelter gave,
And from that day never rose nor set.
But with one prayer—nay, hush and hear me yet—
This morn light smiled to earth, but not to me,
The fair world saddened with one want of thee!"

The poem should have stopped here; for the finale is poor writing, and weakens it.

"All, as when first thou canst not comfort, drear;
For earth day fades, for me day comes! Thou'ret here!
Oh, if my prayer be heard! O bliss divine
If Heaven this grateful life devotes, at last, to thine!"

Sudden rose up above the funeral yews
The moon; her beams the funeral shade suffuse.
Thus in that light the tender accents cease,
And by the grave was Love, and o'er creation Peace!"

The Early French Poets: a Series of Notices and Translations. By the late Rev. Henry Francis Cary, M.A. With an Introductory Sketch of the History of French Poetry, by his Son the Rev. Henry Cary, M.A. 12mo. London, H. G. Bohn.

THESE essays by the late Mr. Cary are, like the *Lives of English Poets*, very good as papers for a magazine, the form in which they were originally published, but they are only just worth republishing in collected form. As essays on the history of French poetry in the sixteenth century, they

might be much better, more complete, and more correct; and their principal merit consists in a few well-chosen specimens, turned into English verse with ease and elegance. But the "Introductory Sketch" had better not have been written, as it is quite clear that the writer is not sufficiently informed on his subject, and that he has made a compilation from very defective books on a branch of literature which has been of late very extensively cultivated, and ought not to be approached in this flimsy manner. It is rather amusing to see a writer now-a-days comparing together the opinions of old obsolete writers like Roquefort, and Borel, and Goujet, in order to get at the meaning of the title "serventes," which he believes very erroneously to have been "originally songs, composed in honour of the Deity," or of that of "ten-songs," which are equally wrongly explained as being "short poems in dialogue, chiefly amorous." In alluding to the attack of Christine de Pisan on the poetry of Jean de Meun, he actually describes these two poets as contemporary. "It was no wish to protect her own sex from disrevered satire which induced her to enter the lists against the greatest genius of her day." But the two writers were separated by more than half a century. In another place, in speaking of a minute fact in literary history, he observes that "the little interest the French take in such matters has probably prevented modern writers from noticing the fact." We can only say that we wish our countrymen had paid a quarter of much attention to the earlier literature of our own country as the French have done to theirs during the last fifteen or twenty years. Mr. Cary appears to us somewhat in the position of a person who had read what people said about these things some half century ago, and was perfectly unaware of the advance which had been made in this branch of knowledge since. This should not be. No one should undertake to write upon a subject which he has not made more carefully his study.

Lives of English Poets, from Johnson to Kirke White, designed as a Continuation of Johnson's Lives. By the late Rev. H. F. Cary, M.A., Translator of Dante. Fp. 419. London, H. G. Bohn.

THESE pleasing and impartial sketches appeared originally in the *London Magazine* during several years, and above twenty years ago. The poets enumerated after Johnson are Armstrong, Jago, Owen Cambridge, Smollett, the two Wartons, Anstey, Mason, Goldsmith, Darwin, Mickle, Beatie, Hayley, Sir W. Jones, Chatterton, and the ultimate, Henry Kirke White. Though all, except the first, brief, and of magazine dimensions, we can commend the collected volume as a very agreeable contribution to poetical criticism and biography.

The Wild Huntsman. A Drama. Fp. 120. London, J. Gilbert.

THESE are strange efforts—so much of talent and so little of discretion! We can only regret the waste of labour.

NEW HISTORICAL NOVELLIST.

Court Intrigues: A Novel. By William Peake, Esq. 3 vols. Newby.

THE NAME of Peake is sufficiently famed in the dramatic world, and for wit and original humour in the lighter species of literature; but Richard is not William, and this is the first effusion we have seen with the latter name appended. If talent, however, be a family property, we might guess that

there was a very near propinquity and kin between the Peakes to whom we have thus nominally alluded. Like several famous mountains rising from the same parent earth, they thrust two aspiring prominences towards the sky, and make a modern Parnassus in England as it were Phocis, and the abode of Apollo and the Muses. To leave off allusions, this is a very clever work in the historico-romance class, and parts of it remind us (not unfavourably to the writer) of the masterly productions of James in the same style.

It opens with a descriptive view of Lorraine, that beautiful portion of France, in the summer of 1639; and after detaining us some short time at the feudal castle of Chaumont, the abode of the widowed Maréchale d'Effiat, commences the fatal adventures of her son Henri, the famous Cinq Mars, called to court by the still more famous Cardinal Richelieu for a political purpose contemplated by that powerful and extraordinary minister. Marie, the youthful Duchess of Mantua, is one of the inmates of the castle, and devoted in love to Cinq Mars; and the society is varied by stout old loyalists, friends of the late King Henry IV., and adherents of Richelieu, and other characters who figure in the narrative as it proceeds to the close. Among the rest, Father Joseph, the hardened tool of the Cardinal Duc, figures conspicuously.

A night-affray precedes the arrival of the hero at Loudun, where the infamous trial and horrid murder of Urbain Grandier for sorcery is painted with great spirit; but we must select two or three previous passages as examples of the author, before we go on with the general story. Here is a well-drawn portrait of an ancient cavalier of the time, though only a sketch:

"The Maréchale had a commanding appearance, and remarkably fine, large, blue eyes; she hardly appeared forty-five years old, yet grief had corroded her beauty. She walked with a slow step, and spoke in evident pain, closing her eyes, and allowing her head to sink on her bosom after she had exerted herself more than usual; her hand placed on her chest, shewed where lay the complaint under which she suffered. She was not sorry to observe that the old gentleman on her left took up the thread of conversation, without having been invited, and held it with unusual pertinacity during the whole repast. This was the old Maréchal de Bassompierre; notwithstanding his grey hair, he had contrived still to preserve a youthful bearing, and his noble and engaging manners had a gallantry in them as superannuated as his costume; he was dressed after the manner of his late patron Henri IV., and with sleeves slashed in the fashion of that reign, a most unpardonable custom in the eyes of the present court *beau*. This would hardly appear singular in our day. Nevertheless, how certain is it, that each century ridicules the dress of the preceding one; it is in the East only where the inhabitants are not inoculated with this folly. Hardly had one of the Italian gentlemen inquired of the Maréchal what he thought of the conduct of the Cardinal in his treatment of the daughter of the Duke of Mantua, when the old courtier broke out with—'Do you know, sir, to whom you speak? How is it possible I can pronounce an opinion on the régime under which France now suffers? We, old companions of the late king, know nothing of the court-language of the present day; neither do they comprehend us! in fact, there is no language spoken now-a-days in this unhappy country. Every one keeps silence before the haughty Cardinal; that proud upstart looks at us, like old family portraits, of whom, indeed, he now and then takes off a head; but happily the body still remains. What say you to this, my dear Puy-Laurens?' This last named guest was about the same age as the Maréchal, but he was much more serious and circumspect; he merely made a sign to his friend, to indicate the disagreeable feeling his remarks had given rise to in the bosom of the mistress of the mansion, by recalling to her memory the recent death of her husband, and speaking so cavalierly

of his great friend the minister; but it was in vain, for Bassompierre, satisfied with the half approbative sign, emptied at a draught a large glass of wine, (a remedy he always advocated as certain against the plague and low spirits,) and leaning back to receive another from his attendant, established himself more firmly in his seat, and with a look of the utmost satisfaction continued—'Ah! we are all *de trop* here, as I said the other day to the Duc de Guise; they count our few remaining minutes of existence with anxiety, and shake the sand to hasten our departure. When the Cardinal Duc sees three or four of us old ones, who never quitted the side of our late beloved king, he feels that he alone cannot move such iron statues, and passes on, not daring to interfere; it requires a greater man than him to do so! We fear him not, poor man. He thinks we are always conspiring against him; and, I tell you, that even now it is under consideration to transfer me to the Bastile.'"

Many a true word is spoken in jest. The warning for this very act is in the pocket of one of the guests; and it is in transferring the bold and frank old gentleman to his destination that the night-adventure to which we have referred occurs. Our next quotation is from the parting scene of the lovers.

"At the foot of the western tower Henri stopped; he was now some distance in advance of Grandchamp and his escort, and still on horseback, he approached closely to the wall so as to fix his foot against it, and gently raised the outer blind of a window in the form of a portcullis, such as may be seen in many old castles of that day. It was past midnight, and the moon was entirely concealed by heavy clouds. It was so dark that none but an inhabitant of the château could have found his way without a guide; the projecting towers and roofs appeared as one black mass, hardly distinguishable from the dark clouds above. With a huge Spanish cloak across his shoulders, Cinq Mars awaited in great anxiety. What did he expect? Who had he come to see? A gentle voice at the window solved the mystery. 'Is that you, Monsieur de Cinq Mars?' 'Alas! who else should it be? Who else would return to wander like a thief around the paternal mansion, not daring to enter, to bid adieu even to a mother? Who else would return to complain of the present, without possessing a hope for the future?' The gentle voice of Marie de Gondiague trembled, and it was easy to distinguish tears amid the following reply. 'Alas! Henri, of what do you complain? Have I not ceded more—much more, than I ought to have done? Is it my fault if a crown bedecks the head of my father? Can I choose my birth? You know the wretched position of a princess! her hand is promised from her very childhood. The whole world is made acquainted with her age; a treaty is concluded for her, and she dares not offer a word in complaint. Since I have known you, what have I not done to make you happy, and to avoid the throne? For two years have I not struggled in vain against my ill-fortune! You well know I have desired they should think me dead. Have I not prayed that a revolution might place another on the throne? I should have blessed any event which would obscure my rank; and I have thanked the Almighty when my father was conquered on the battle-field. But, oh! Henri, our court is watchful and jealous. The Queen demands my presence. Our dreams, dear Henri, our dreams are over. They have vanished. Our slumber has been too long. Let us then awake with energy. Let us no longer think of the stolen pleasures of the last two years. Let us forget all but to further your solemn resolution: henceforward be ambitious, Henri, ambitious—but for my sake.' 'And must we forget all? [Oh, Marie!' whispered Cinq Mars. She hesitated. 'Yes, all that I would myself forget. Ay, our happy days—our long evenings—our moonlight walks; but think—oh, think for the future! Your honoured father was Maréchal—be you more—be constable—be prince! Go, Henri, you are young—noble—rich

—brave—beloved.' 'Beloved! and for ever, Marie?' 'During life, and for eternity.'

We now plunge into the reign of Louis XIII., of which the period embraced in this novel is ably delineated. The king's character and that of Richelieu (very different from the idea in Sir E. Lytton's play, and also from the French, in De Vigny's romantic *Cinq Mars*) are both elicited with much spirit; and the sanguinary events which bring them into action never cease to interest the reader. Other touches display the skill and observation of the author. For instance, the following, applicable to the present hour:

"The peasant of France in general possesses an innate cunning, which he is apt to call into play with his equals; but always does so with his superiors, when he wishes to gain an end. He puts embarrassing questions, as a child might do to mature age—he assumes such ignorance that the person he interrogates is quite mystified. He becomes more and more awkward in his manners and expressions, the better to conceal what is passing in his mind. But should he suspect that his plan is perceived, then his quick glance, and intelligent satirical smile, prove clearly enough that he is not the dolt he would have you take him for; and that this clownish bearing is assumed only for a particular purpose."

After witnessing the bloody spectacle of the execution of Grandier, which is described with fearful effect, Cinq Mars joins the king's head-quarters, engaged in the siege of Perpignan; and the plot thickens with duels, conspiracy, battles, and the "Court Intrigues," which give the title to the work.

But not into these, nor into the catastrophe, will we wander. We trust we have said enough to induce the public to desire a knowledge of them in the author's own words; and we have pleasure in repeating our opinion that they will find them far superior to aught that could be expected from a first essay in this difficult school of literary composition.

ENGLAND IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Essays on Subjects connected with the Literature, Popular Superstitions, and History of England in the Middle Ages. By Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, &c. 2 vols. London, J. Russell Smith.

So conversant as he is with all the literature of the middle ages, we naturally looked for an instructive and popular work, on the subjects above enumerated, from the pen of Mr. Wright. That expectation has been more than realized; for we really cannot call to mind when we have been so much enchain'd by any work of the kind as by the volumes before us. Yet considerable portions of them have been scattered, through years, over several periodical publications, and to us have less of the gloss of novelty than they will possess for the mass of readers. But the author has managed to arrange his matter so completely, as it were, in a cycle, that, instead of being produced unconnectedly from time to time, it seems as if it were the complete result of one original design, thus furnishing an excellent picture of the middle ages of our country, and the spirit which embued, and the manners which deformed or adorned them.

There is no class of literature more generally interesting.

We begin with Anglo-Saxon poetry, travel through Anglo-Norman, look into the historical romances, the recreation and delight of our ancestors, listen to their proverbs and sayings, speculate on their fairy mythology, glances over curious historical episodes, and make the pleasantest of excursions into collateral subjects, which shed a genial light on these inquiries—be it from Greece, Rome, Germany, Ireland, or Scotland.

From such a *mélange* it is difficult to select anything which can be deemed an example or illustration. We can merely copy a few passages, the least familiar to our reading, and commit the whole,

which we have found so agreeable, to the taste and judgment of the public at large.

In treating of the Anglo-Latin poets of the twelfth century, we meet with the following characteristic story :

"An isolated anecdote often pictures to us the manners and feelings of the time more vividly than the more general, and consequently, in such cases, less definite descriptions of the chronicler. Such an anecdote is given in the curious manuscript Life and Miracles of St. Oswin (MS. Cotton, Jul. A. X. fol. 26). Whilst Germanus was prior of Tynemouth, that is, in the reign of Stephen, the fisherman of the monastery was a boy named Leofric. Once, at the time of the herring-fishery, he had gone with the fishing-boat to Scarborough. Suddenly came Ranulf, the famous Earl of Chester, with his men, and, after ravaging the town, carried away captive many of the people he found there, and among the rest the fisherman Leofric. They were all carried in chains to Malton on the eve of St. Simon and Jude. On their arrival the earl and his men immediately placed themselves at table, and prepared for a plentiful repast. Leofric and his compatriots, more pious than their persecutors, refused to eat meat on the eve of a fast-day. Their persecutor, enraged at their obstinacy, ordered fish to be placed before them. ' Eat, wretches,' said he, ' and fill yourselves, for I swear by heaven and all the gods therein, that none of you shall eat again until the full sum of your ransom has been paid.' And they had no sooner finished than he ordered them all to be stripped, gave their clothes to the guard, and caused them to be bound naked to a stake. Thus they were kept fasting for a week, and were made to suffer an infinity of torments. Sometimes they were hung up by the hands to the rafter : then they were let down and cruelly beaten with rods, and at last each again bound to his stake. Amidst his torments, Leofric continued to invoke incessantly the aid of his patron saint, ' Saint Oswin, help me !' The tyrant was warming himself at the fire, for it was severe weather : tired of hearing the repetition of the name of St. Oswin, he suddenly turned about, threw a stick which he had in his hand at Leofric, and ordered him to be silent. ' Wretch !' said he, ' what is it that thou cryest ? and why dost thou tease us with the name of this Oswin ? Who is it whom thou askest to liberate thee from me without the intervention of money ? Hold thy tongue, and let us have no more of thy chattering, and, above all, have a care that thou dost not disturb our rest this night by thy vain clamours.' The night following, however, Leofric contrived to loose himself from his bonds, and, seizing the stick which had been thrown at him, and taking the cloak of the stableboy, who happened to be sleeping at the door, to cover his nakedness, he escaped from the hands of his tormentors, and made all haste to reach the monastery of Tynemouth, where he declared to the brethren that the saint had appeared to him in his sleep, and had loosened him from his bonds. The monks offered due thanks to their patron, and entered the story in the book of his miracles."

From the observations of Grimm's German Mythology, which curiously illustrates that of Britain, we copy the subjoined extract :

"The first eleven chapters (something more than 200 pages of the book) are devoted to that branch of the subject which, with the exceptions of a few stray traces, belonged more exclusively to the period when paganism reigned undisturbed over the minds of our forefathers. They treat of the gods and goddesses, of their temples, their priests, and their worship. One of these, Irmin, the Eormen of the Anglo-Saxons, the same name that the Romans called Arminius, has an important connexion with our own national antiquities. Like the other names of the Saxon gods and heroes, that of Eormen is very frequently used in composition in the proper names of our forefathers, as Eormenrad, Eormenburgh, Eormenhild, &c. As early as the time of Tacitus, a German name was Hermunduri. We have met with an instance where an Anglo-

Saxon prince gave to all his four daughters names beginning with Eormen. It is also found in composition in the names of plants, &c., as Eormenleaf, a name found in one of the old glosses for the *malva-erratica*. The head seat of the worship of this god was the district about Lower Saxony, where his name was in modern times preserved in nursery rhymes, as, for example, the following, which is peculiar to Saxon Hesse :

• Hermen, sia dermen,
Sia pipen, sia trummen,
De kaiser wil kummen
Met hamer und stangen
Will Hermen uphangen.
• Hermen, strike harp,
Strike pipe and stroke drum ;
For the emperor is coming
With hammer and staff—
Will hang Hermen up."

Grimm thinks, with much probability, that this rhyme is part of some old song on the destruction of the great temple of Irmen (the Irmenseule), by the Frankish emperor Charles. What, however, is the most interesting to us, is the circumstance that the name is given to one of our great ancient roads, the Erming-street (which Somner very absurdly derives from Here-man-street, via strata militaris). It also seems probable that the name of another of these great ways, the Watling-street, has a similar derivation. And, which is particularly curious, the same name of Watling-street was formerly given to the milky way. Chaucer (*House of Fame*, ii. 427), describing that region of the heavens, says :

• Lo there (quod he), cast up thine eye,
Se yondir, lo, the galaxie,
The whiche men clepe the milky way,
For it is white ; and some, par-fay,
Y-callin it han Watlingstrete,
That onis was brente with the hete,
Whan that the sunnis sonne the rede,
Which that hit Phaeton, wode lede
Algate his fathirs carte and gie."

Among the historical fragments, that relating to Fulke fitz Warine is one of the most singular. Ex. gr. :

"It happened at this time that Fulke was much scandalised by the conduct of a wicked knight of the north country, named Peter de Bruyle, who had collected together a number of dissolute people, and went about murdering and robbing honest people, and he did this under the name of Fulke fitz Warine. One night he broke into the house of a knight named Robert fitz Sampson, who dwelt on the Scottish border, and who, with his lady, had often received Fulke fitz Warine in his wanderings, and treated him with hospitality. Fulke, who seldom ventured to remain long in one place, had repaired to the northern border, and was proceeding to the house of Robert fitz Sampson the very night it was visited by Peter de Bruyle. As he approached, he saw a great light in the court, and heard boisterous shouts in the hall. Having placed his companions outside, he climbed over the fence and entered the court, and then he saw through the hall-window the robbers seated at supper, with masks on, and Robert fitz Sampson and his good dame, and the members of their household, lay bound on one side of the hall. And the men at table addressed their leader by the name of sir Fulke, while the lady was piteously crying out to him, ' Ha ! sir Fulke, why do you treat us thus ? I never injured you, but have always loved you to the best of my power.' When Fulke heard the lady speak thus, he could restrain himself no longer, but drawing his sword and calling his companions, he burst suddenly into the hall. The robbers were struck dumb with terror at this unexpected visit ; and Fulke obliged Peter de Bruyle to bind his own men and cut off their heads, after which he beheaded himself with his own hands. Fulke and his companions then unbound Robert fitz Sampson and his fellow-sufferers, and they all supped merrily together. Fulke had many narrow escapes from his enemies, but he was always ready with expedients. Sometimes the king traced the outlaws by the foot-marks of their horses ; and then Fulke had their shoes reversed, by which means the pursuers were thrown

at once upon the wrong track. When Fulke took his leave of Robert fitz Sampson, he again visited his own paternal manor of Alderbury, and established himself in the forest on the banks of the river. He called to him one of his most faithful companions, John de Raunpaygne.—' John,' said he, ' you know much of minstrelsy and jonglerie ; dare you go to Whitington and play before Morys fitz Roger, and see what he is about ?' ' Yea,' said John ; and he crushed a certain herb and put it in his mouth, and suddenly his face began to swell and became discoloured, so that his own companions scarcely knew him. He then dressed himself like a poor man, and took his box with his instrument, and a great staff in his hand, and came to Whitington, and told the porter he was a minstrel. The porter led him in to sir Morys, who asked him where he was born. ' Sir,' said he, ' in the marches of Scotland.' ' And what news are there ?' said sir Morys. ' Sir, I know none, except of sir Fulke fitz Warine, who was slain the other night while committing a robbery in the house of sir Robert fitz Sampson.' ' Is that true you tell me ?' ' Yea, truly,' said John de Raunpaygne ; ' all the people of the country say so.' ' Minstrel,' said sir Morys, ' for your good news I will give you this cup of fine silver.' The minstrel took the cup, and thanked ' his good lord' heartily. He learnt that sir Morys was going with a small company to Shrewsbury the next day ; but before he left the castle he fell into a quarrel with the 'ribalds,' and slew one of them. The next morning Fulke, according to the information he had thus obtained, placed himself with his men on the way between Whitington and Shrewsbury. Morys soon made his appearance, and recognised Fulke by his arms. ' Now,' said he, ' I know that it is true that minstrels are liars.' The outlaws slew Morys fitz Roger and all his knights, and, as the chronicler of these events pithily observes, ' by so many of their enemies had Fulke.'

Fulke and his companions now went to the court of the Prince of Wales, and remained with him for some time, and aided him in his wars against King John, and by his means he obtained forcible possession of his own castle of Whitington. From thence for some time he carried on constant warfare with his enemies. In a battle with sir John Lestrange, two of Fulke's brothers, Alayn and Philip, were severely wounded, and his cousin, Audulf de Bracy, was taken prisoner and carried to Shrewsbury, and delivered to the king, who threatened to hang him. The skill of John de Raunpaygne was again called into action. He dressed himself very richly, 'like a great count or baron,' dyed his hair and his body as black as jet, so that nothing but his teeth was left white ; hung a very fair tabour about his neck ; mounted a handsome palfrey, and rode straight to the castle of Shrewsbury. When he came before the king he fell on his knees, and saluted him very courteously. King John returned the salutation, and asked him who he was. ' Sire,' said he, ' I am an Ethiopian minstrel, born in Ethiopia.' Said the king, ' Are all the people of that country of your colour ?' ' Yes, my lord, both men and women.' Then the king asked, ' What say they in foreign countries of me ?' ' Sire,' said he, ' you are the most renowned king in all Christendom, and it is on account of your great renown that I am come to see you.' ' Fair sir,' said the king, ' you are welcome.' ' Sire, my lord, many thanks !' replied John de Raunpaygne. After the king was gone to his bed, Sir Henry de Audeley (the constable of the castle) sent for the black minstrel, and he was conducted to his chamber ; and there they 'made great melody,' and when Sir Henry had drunk pretty deeply, he called a valet and said, ' Go fetch sir Audulf de Bracy, whom the king will put to death to-morrow ; he shall have one merry night before he dies.' The valet soon brought sir Audulf into the chamber, and then they talked and joked together. John de Raunpaygne began a song which Sir Audulf used to sing ; on which sir Audulf lifted up his head,

looked him in the face, and with some difficulty recognised him. When Sir Henry asked to drink, John de Raunpaygne jumped on his feet and served the cup round, in doing which he cleverly threw it into a powder, which in a short time threw all who drank of it into a profound sleep. John de Raunpaygne then took one of the king's fools who was there, placed him between the two knights who had sir Audulf in guard, and making a rope of the table-cloths and towels in the chamber, the two friends let themselves down from a window which looked over the river, and made the best of their way to Whittington, where they were joyfully received by Fulke and his companions.

"Meanwhile the adventures of his young wife were not less varied than those of Fulke himself. During the first year of her marriage she remained in sanctuary at Canterbury, where she gave birth to a daughter. Her husband then took her away by night, and she was privately conveyed to Huggerford, at which place and at Alderbury was she concealed for some time. But King John, furious at her marriage with Fulke, and more eager to indulge his wicked inclinations, employed agents to spy her out and carry her off; so that she could never stay long at one place. She was thus at length driven from Alderbury, and closely pursued to Shrewsbury, where, being in a condition unfit for travelling, she took shelter in St. Mary's church, and was there delivered of a second daughter. Her third child, a boy, who came into the world two months before its time, was born at the top of a Welsh mountain, and was baptised in a neighbouring stream. Through the king's intrigues, Fulke was at length obliged to quit Wales, and he repaired to France, where, under a feigned name, he met with a hospitable reception, and distinguished himself by his skill and prowess in jousts and tournaments."

Mr. Wright's opinions on the Robin Hood ballads merit careful perusal; and we would also especially commend to like attention the chapter on Abelard and the Scholastic Philosophy; but having intimated that the entire work is of the most popular character, it is quite unnecessary to dwell farther upon any of its particular attractions.

RUSSIA.

Russia under the Autocrat Nicholas the First. By Ivan Golovine, a Russian Subject. 2 vols. Colburn.

The author is another of those exiles of whom we have spoken in our notice of the volumes entitled "Eastern Europe;" and the same canon of criticism applies to them all. Their very situation, that of resenting the darkest personal injuries, impeaches their historical credibility. Men who conceive themselves to be deeply wronged are not likely to be the most impartial in their views. And besides, there is a violent religious and another incensed political party in many parts of Europe, including persons of great talents and only too much leisure, whose whole energies are directed against the Russian empire and its rulers. There may be, and we dare say there are, many sad facts mixed up with their animadversions; but with our limited share of real information, we are unprepared to deal with these political and religious feuds (were we disposed, or were it within the scope of the *Literary Gazette*, to do so), and therefore the more inclined, as in the present case, to say, Here is another book making out Russia, its rulers, its diplomats, and its *employés*, &c. to be the most detestable concatenation on the face of the earth. Certes, if they are not the savage boors they are described to be, we are, at any rate, bored enough with repetition-pictures of their iniquities! Poles, Jews, and Roman Catholics are all in arms at this moment against the "Autocrat" and the Russian empire.

But it will be seen from the following quotations that censures are bestowed upon matters, the very reverse of which cause severe question, if they do not provoke censures, in this country. People are

so apt to find faults at home! The author is treating of the laws and administration of justice, and says:

"The punishment of death was abolished by the decrees of 1753 and 1754 in all cases but for political crimes which have been carried before the supreme penal tribunal. This is contrary to the course pursued in the civilised world. There the penalty of death is reserved for murder, and abolished for political crimes. In Russia, to love one's country, and to attempt to promote its welfare in any other way than what the government approves, is a greater crime than to kill one's fellow-creature. By whom is it decided what crimes shall be carried before the supreme tribunal? By the supreme authority alone: and what is that extraordinary tribunal? It is composed, for each particular case, of members chosen by the emperor alone, out of the council of the empire, the senate, or the other dignitaries of the court and state. Thus it is one of the parties who is at the same time judge, and this judge cannot but be partial."

It is, however, a step between the tribunals and liability to capital conviction; and therefore only an indifferently constituted grand jury.

But "no fixed law determines the mode of execution for those condemned to capital punishment. It is left to the pleasure of the judges for each particular case. The supreme tribunal can, if it pleases, order a man to be buried alive, quartered, or hanged. This, most assuredly, is allowing too much latitude to discretionary power. Thus, on the 15th of September, 1765, the sub-lieutenant Mirovitsch was beheaded; on the 10th of November, 1771, two of the ringleaders in the insurrection which broke out at Moscow, on occasion of the plague, were hanged. On the 10th of January, 1755, Pugatschef and Perfiliev were quartered, and their accomplices hanged or beheaded. On the 13th of July, 1826, five of the conspirators of the 14th of December were hanged."

These few instances and complaints range over so long a period, sixty years, and twenty since the last, that we cannot think the wrong very atrocious.

The number of lashes of the knout is fixed by the judges specially for each culprit. They are, however, prohibited from adding to their sentences the terms formerly usual, 'to flog without mercy or with cruelty.' Since the decree of the 25th December, 1817, the practice of tearing out the nostrils of criminals has ceased; but those who have undergone the punishment of the knout, robbers and murderers, without distinction, are branded on the forehead and cheeks with the Russian letters, B. O. F. (V. O. R.), which signify thief. Next to the judge, the executioner has it in his power to aggravate or to lighten the punishment; indeed, his power in this respect exceeds that of the magistrate, for it depends upon him, if not to kill the sufferer, at least to put him to infinite torture, as he can also, if he pleases, do him but little harm; and this is usually the case when he finds in the mouth of the culprit a piece of money which makes it worth his while to be merciful. Charitable persons never fail to fill the hands of a man led forth to punishment, and he takes good care to slip the most valuable piece into his mouth."

In short, the hangman of Muscovy possesses somewhat of the modified power of the lawyer in England, in procuring a sentence more or less severe.

And yet "all these punishments, equally barbarous and ridiculous, neither intimidate malefactors nor correct even those who have suffered them. The lash leaves no marks, say the criminals themselves; whereas the tearing out of the nostrils left upon the condemned an everlasting mark of infamy, which they strove to efface by their good conduct; and hence they were reputed to be the most honest men in the mines, as well as in the colonies. Far be it from us, however, to desire the re-establishment of this barbarous mutilation;

we should rejoice, on the contrary, in the abolition of the knout and the *pleite*, and wish, if not for the re-establishment of the punishment of death, at least for the organisation of a better combined penitentiary system for the amelioration of criminals. It is long since people recovered from the horror that was once excited by labour in the mines. The mere exile to Siberia does not frighten persons without profession and without property. The colonists there have lands in abundance granted to them, and the country is not everywhere uninhabitable. The ill usage attending and following the despatch of the convicts excites horror only in men who are more or less highly educated. But it is time to say a few words concerning Siberia, that country of exile and of punishment. Persons condemned to transportation travel thither on foot, carts not being allowed, excepting for the sick: murderers and great criminals are chained. Every attempt at flight is punished with corporal chastisement, even in nobles. Instead of numbers, proper names are given to the exiles; but different from those which they bore before their condemnation. If they were to change them among themselves, they would be punished with five years' compulsory labour, over and above their sentence. At Kasan the exiles coming from most of the governments are collected. That city has, in fact, a bureau of despatch for exiles, which is authorised to retain, for the salt-works of Iletz, an indeterminate number of convicts condemned to compulsory labour or merely to exile: at Perm, the authorities may keep a number for the fabrication of wine, and even for the college of public beneficence. At Tobolsk sits the committee of the exiles, composed of a chief, his assessors, and a chancery having two sections. It depends on the civil governor of Tobolsk, and has bureaux of despatch in several towns. On their arrival in Siberia, the criminals are set about different kinds of labour, according to their faculties. Some are employed in the mines, either because they have been specially condemned to them, or, having undergone the punishment of the *pleite*, they are deemed fit for that sort of labour, or simply because there is a want of labourers there; but, in this case, they are not confined to the mines for more than a year, which counts for two years of exile, and with double pay. If they commit any new crime, they remain there two years longer, even though the tribunal has not sentenced them to compulsory labour. Those who have learned a trade are set to work at it; others become colonists, and others again domestic servants. Those destined for the latter station are divided among the inhabitants who apply for them. These are obliged to feed them, and to pay them wages at the rate of at least a silver ruble and a half per month, in advance. The term of this punishment is eight years, at the expiration of which these compulsory valets can turn peasants, serfs of the crown. The usual duration of compulsory labour is twenty years, after which the condemned may establish themselves freely in the mines where they worked, or in other occupations. Those employed in the cloth-manufactories remain there but ten years. Labour in the fortifications is considered as the most severe. Cripples and incurables form a particular class. The colonists are not exempt from taxes for more than three years: for the other seven, they pay half of the personal contribution. At the expiration of their punishment, they pay the whole of the tax. After an abode of twenty years in Siberia they become subject to the recruiting. The serfs sent to Siberia on the application of their masters are forwarded at the expense of the latter, and distributed in the villages as agricultural labourers. The exiles are at liberty to marry in Siberia either free persons or condemned culprits. The free woman who marries an exile for her first husband receives a donation of fifty silver rubles, and the free man who takes to wife an exiled woman receives fifteen. Persons condemned for political offences remain in Siberia

under the special surveillance of the third section of the chancery of the emperor."

Compare our Norfolk Island with this picture; and say wherein lies the cruelty and barbarism of the Russian penal code?

From the horrors of crimes and punishments, always painful to contemplate, especially as we do not know the country where the latter does "intimidate malefactors, or correct even those who have suffered them;" we turn for a few extracts on the subject of Russian literature, wherein we see how much this expatriated Russian subject differs from the author of "Eastern Europe."

"We assert (says M. Golovine) that there are at least as many, if not more, reasons for admitting than for denying the existence of a Russian literature. If literary productions, be their value what it may, are capable of constituting a literature, Russia incontestably has one; if, on the contrary, we would give the name of literature only to a series of compositions which defy time and the revolutions of taste, and which are proof against the progress of knowledge, we must confess that she has very few and scarcely any of these. Literature in Russia is very nearly what the Romance literature formerly was in France. In like manner as this was intermediate between Latin literature and French literature, so, in Russia, the literature at present existing may be considered as intermediate between the Slavonian literature and that which Russia will probably have some time hence. It will perhaps seem strange that we should speak of a Slavonian literature in opposition to a Russian literature, when the first is composed, in Russia, almost exclusively of religious books; but there, as in other countries, the monks were long the only depositaries of knowledge, the only literary men; their language, or that of the Church, which originated among the Slavonians of the Danube, was the first written language, and still retains over the spoken language, or the Russian language properly so called, an influence as prejudicial as at first it was beneficent, by initiating the Russians all at once into the beauties of the sacred Scriptures. The profane language has at this day great difficulty to make its way through this ecclesiastical slang. The Russian language is far from being formed, and it cannot have a literature without a well-elaborated idiom. In France, in England, in Germany, one may create new words, introduce new expressions, but the authors of a century back will be read for centuries to come; while it is not probable that the Russian authors now read will be read a hundred years hence. They will be thrust aside among historical curiosities, consulted, perchance even relished, for the originality or the substance of their ideas; but assuredly not for the form in which they have been clothed. This fate has already overtaken the most ancient of them." *

"The Russian language is inaccessible to foreigners, because it presents no conformity with the other languages. It is of doubtful harmony and of equivocal richness, but easily managed, and susceptible of becoming very expressive. It is not sonorous for many reasons—the multiplicity of discordant sounds of the *stachia*, of *y*, of *kh*; then, again, the predominance of the consonants over the vowels, and of hard syllables over the soft syllables. Its copiousness consists only in double uses, or in the use of words perfectly equivalent, which by no means constitutes richness. A language cannot be called rich unless it is capable of expressing, in different words, all the shades of ideas, all the variations of feelings; and the Russian is too little cultivated to vie in this respect with foreign languages. Its synonyms are distinguished for the most part only by the kind of style in which they are employed. The Slavonian words belong to a higher order of composition, as to the elevated line of poetry, while their equivalents in Russian are reserved for prose. Most frequently it is the very same word, to which the Russians have added a vowel, which forms precisely

the distinctive character of the genius of their language. Thus, *breg* in Slavonian, the bank, is called *bereg* in Russian; *vlas*, hair, is in Russian *volos*: the two former are used only in poetry. The exigencies of rhythm frequently cause Slavonian words to be preferred to those of the modern idiom, and thus oppose the unity of the language. The Russian language has, however, one advantage, which consists in the facility of the constructions which it possesses, like the Greek and the Latin, and which it owes more especially to the existence of the declensions; this freedom permits the distribution of words in the sentence, according to the importance of the expressions and the force of the ideas. * * *

"The novel has scarcely sprung up in Russia, and it cannot yet claim a single classic work. Still some distinguished productions of that class are enumerated, such as 'Juri,' 'Miloslavsky,' and 'Roslavlev,' by Zagorskine; 'The Icehouse,' by Lajeschnikoff; 'The Family of the Kholmskis,' 'The Dead Souls,' by Gogol. To make amends, there is a whole host of tale-writers, at the head of whom must be placed M. Pavlov, whose 'Yatagan' and 'The Demon' are productions of sufficient merit to grace the literature of any country; M. Dahl, more national than his name; Count Sallohub, the gentleman of Russian authors; the fertile Marlinski, who is no other than Alexander Bestouchef, exiled to Siberia in consequence of the revolt of 1825, and killed in the Caucasus; the patriotic Glinka, &c. In the class of science there is a complete penury. Kaidanoff's 'Universal History' is not even a good school-book. M. Arsenieff's 'Statistics of Russia' and his 'History of Greece' only prove what he could have done had he dared to write: his 'Geography' does not prove even that. In politics there is absolutely nothing. As for jurisprudence, M. Nevoline's 'Encyclopædia' is mentioned with commendation. M. Mouraviet has made himself singular by his theological works. M. Norof has published 'Travels' in Sicily, to Jerusalem, and in Egypt; where biblical observations are agreeably mingled with archaeology. M. Levchine has produced a description of the steppes of the Kirghise Kaissacks, which has been translated into French. Father Hyacinth has studied China under all its aspects; thanks to his long residence in the Celestial Empire as a Russian missionary. He has consequently become an authority on every subject relative to the Chinese language, literature, and manners. Journalism is in a state of the deepest degradation. * * *

"If Russia has but one daily journal, that is not official; on the other hand, the number of monthly 'Reviews' is considerable; they frequently contain valuable articles among others which are insignificant, worthless, or bad. The 'Reading Library,' edited by M. Sinkovsky; the 'Patriotic Annals,' by the indefatigable M. Kräfsky; and the 'Moscovite,' which has been recently transferred by M. Podogine to M. Kirieievsky, are the most estimable of these publications; but their encyclopedic and voluminous form bears witness to the infancy of this species of literature. M. Polevoi's 'Moscow Telegraph' has nobly distinguished itself in the history of Russian journalism, and been suppressed for its liberal spirit. The 'Son of the Country' and the 'Russian Courier' have closed their melancholy career. M. Korsakoff's 'Pharos' is a subject of railraill for M. Boulgarine himself; it darkens rather than enlightens. The 'Contemporary,' by M. Pletnev, does not answer the legitimate hopes given by Pouschkin, the founder of that quarterly review, and has ceased to agree with its name. The 'Literary Gazette,' which reminds one by its title of that founded by Pouschkin and Baron Delweg, appears three times a week, keeps itself aloof from the obscurantism of a Gretsch and a Boulgarine, and in its spirit resembles the 'Patriotic Annals.' Beside Gretsch and Boulgarine are placed at the head of Russian journalism Polevoi and Sankovsky, who represent a less dark and more consolatory shade. M. Sankovsky is not

deficient either in science or acuteness of understanding. M. Polevoi has made himself a study for the mass of Russian readers. He has published a 'History of Russia,' unfinished and imperfect, and a great quantity of tales and dramatic pieces, in which patriotism is coupled with a courtier-like obsequiousness that descends to servility. Such are 'Pauline, the Siberian,' the 'Grandfather of the Russian Navy,' 'Igolkine,' &c. His drama of 'Death or Honour' forms an exception to this sad rule, and is liberal without being national. For the rest, M. Polevoi is a writer more deserving of indulgence than any other, on account of his circumstances. We must also do him the justice to admit that, whenever he has had leisure to take pains with his articles of criticism, he has risen above mediocrity."

With this sketch, or rather enumeration, of our Russian periodical brethren (and, in one case, our applauded namesake, the *Literary Gazette*), we close our review, without entering upon the estimate of the poets, and examples from their writings; over all which the censorship of the press exercises a fatal influence. The list we have quoted affords, at any rate, Russian literary intelligence with which we were previously unacquainted, and therefore merits its place in our pages.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

Eastern Europe and the Emperor Nicholas. By the Author of "Revelations of Russia," "The White Slave." London, Newby.

The second volume of this publication differs to much from the first in material, that we might well look upon them as separate works,—the one political, and the other literary with only the tingeing of political opinions. The writer sets out with Adam Mickiewicz, one of the most popular Polish poets; the account of whom, in his exile at Paris, with his unhappily mad Jewish wife, is interesting. Here is a translated specimen of his composition:

"Solitude! yet why the crowd! what is mankind to the poet?"

Where is he who will ever comprehend the full thought of my song;

Whose glance will ever compass all its meaning?

Oh, my song,—unfortunate! wasting thy voice and language upon men.

Thy voice wants words, and yet thy voice suffices not to thy thought.

Thought wings its way entire out of the soul, before it scatters into words;

And words only engulfing thought, quiver over it,

Like the vaulted earth above a subterranean and invisible river.

What know men of the depth of these dark waves, by the tremor of the earth above?

What know they thus of the direction of the unseen torrent?"

There is much of passion in his writings.

But the latter moiety of the volume is given to Russian literature, which our author describes as invariably trembling, cringing, and disinguishe*s*elf, under the dread of the knout, Siberia, or the Caucasus. We are told:

"We must understand, that the Russian writers have no means of giving publicity to one cry of freedom, or of making one appeal to their countrymen, unless garbled by some qualifying conclusion in the spirit of their government. They know, besides, that no attention whatever is paid by the public to anything adulatory of a despotism, or vituperative of its enemies. They are aware that the idea of inspiring the Russian people with a thirst for universal conquest is a chimera which exists only in the brain of Nicholas, and on the lips of his courtiers, who simulate an enthusiasm for it in the same breath that they assure you that Paul died of apoplexy, or that Siberia is a second Sybaris, and with as much sincerity as they would affect to believe, if the emperor so desired it, that the nation wished to embrace and propagate Mahomedanism. Thus, in the commencement to the 'Ode to England,'

the author has addressed her as the sacred home of freedom; he has reminded his countrymen how free and happy and how powerful this land of independence is; and then, for the double purpose of escaping condign punishment, and of being allowed to make public his effusion, he continues his lyrics from where we left it off.

' But, because thou art perfidious, because thou art full of pride, because thou hast cherished terrestrial glory above the commands of heaven,

' Because with sacrilegious hand thou hast bound God's church to the foot of a perishable and terrestrial throne,

' A day will come, and that day is not distant, when thy pomp, thy purple, and thy gold, will vanish like a dream.

' Thy lightnings will be extinguished in thy hands, thy sword will cease to glitter, and the gift of luminous thoughts will be withdrawn from thy children.

' Then, reckless of thy regal flag, the sounding waves, unbound, will career again according to their wild caprice.

' And God will choose a humble people (the Russians), full of faith and miracles, confiding to it the destiny of the universe, the thunders of the earth, and the inspirations of heaven.'

" The spirit of the Russian breathes in the first part of this ode—that which his Tsar would wish to animate him with, in the second; and it will be at once obvious to the reader, that the poet with sufficient cultivation to know that the church of England was presided over by the sovereign of that country, could not seriously have set forth this circumstance as a reason for the providential transferred of the power of England to the Russian empire, whose church is not nominally but despotically ruled by a temporal prince in the person of the emperor. • • •

" Karamsin is principally remarkable as having fixed, reformed, and extended the Russian language, which till his time could scarcely be regarded a written tongue, so inadequate was its vocabulary to the expression of abstract ideas. His history of Russia is a work of research and merit; the credit is due to him of having spoken with some impartiality of Russian sovereigns, wherever the period was not too near our own. Karamsin enjoyed the private friendship of the Emperor Alexander, which did not, however, relieve him from his penury or embarrassment. When on his deathbed, he was at length noticed by Nicholas, who conferred a handsome pension on his family. Joukofsky is a mere clever translator of poetry and prose, who sometimes rises to the rank of imitator, and plays in the reign of Nicholas the part of Lomonosoff in that of Elizabeth. Kriloff the fabulist, Karamsin the historian, and Poushkin the poet, are therefore alone worth citing in the literary annals of Muscovy. The besetting sin of all its productions is a want of originality, in which they differ singularly from those of the Polish muse. Their merit must, however, be perhaps considered rather as relative than positive,—rather as indicative of the vigorous and healthy intellect, which, like a plant piercing the surface of the icy soil, makes us, instead of seeking for the fruit it bears, marvel that it should flower in the frozen air at all. It is to be judged less by its performance than its promise,—and that, it must be confessed, is so great, that whenever any social or political changes take place in the Russian empire, we may confidently look forward to see it assuming a station as important in the literary as it does now in the political world. Hitherto we must bear in mind the very restricted extension of education, which under any circumstances would limit to so small a number those who could devote themselves to the pursuit of letters,—every where unprofitable, but in Russia so dangerous, that few of the Russian popular writers have escaped disgrace or exile at one period or another of their career. • • •

" All the most remarkable works, not only of Mitzkiavitch and Lelewel, but of Krasinski and Zaleski,—in short, all the most glorious portion of

the Polish literature,—has been written in the unbounded freedom of exile. Though the whole modern literature of Russia is essentially imitative, the songs of the people, full of originality, are not to be confounded in this category. Commonly wanting in elevation, they are distinguished by a simplicity half quaint, half touching, which I know not how to characterise, excepting by the French epithet of *naïf*. They are evidently, however, the production of a people divested even of the most distant traditions of individual pride or warlike spirit; but it must always be remembered that allusion is here made only to the ditties and ballads of the Muscovites, not of the Ruthenians, once the bulwark of Poland, and who, emancipating themselves from the feudal tyranny of their Polish lords, after long social wars, achieved their freedom only to fall into the arms of a benumbing despotism, but without forgetting these eventful antecedents in their popular songs. This Ruthenian literature of the people, which the author may have elsewhere the opportunity of examining with the reader, is constantly confounded with that of the Muscovites, of which latter, two of the ballads cited by Marmier may be taken as characteristic specimens,—the one as a tradition of the past, the other as an impression of the actual feeling of the people:

Song of the Captive Robber.

" Hush! hush! O green forest my mother, trouble not my thoughts, for to-morrow I must appear before the terrible judge, before the Tsar himself!

" The Tsar will say to me: ' Answer me, my child; tell me, O son of a peasant, with whom thou hast led thy robber life? how many were thy companions?'

" And I will answer him: ' O Tsar, my hope! most Christian Tsar, I will tell thee the whole truth. Companions I had four. One was the dark night, another my steel blade, the third my good steed, and the fourth my bended bow. My messengers were arrows hardened in the fire.'

" Then the Tsar, my hope, the most Christian Tsar, will say to me: ' Honour to thee, my child, who knowest how to rob and how to speak so well. For thy recompence I will give thee a good present. Thou shalt have a palace in the open fields, a gallows and a hempen rope.'

The Russian Mother (whose child is taken as a soldier).

" Oh! you my dear children, I love you all with an equal love. Behold my fingers: if one is hurt, I feel it through my whole body. So with you, my children, my heart trembles for you all; but thou, oh my darling, who art doomed, why art thou so unfortunate? Better would it have been that thou hadst not been born, that I had never fed thee from my bosom—better would it have been to have crushed thee at thy birth. I should have grieved less to bury thee by the hill-side, and to have covered thee with the yellow sand. Now, bereaved mother, I may sing like the cuckoo. Oh, what troubles await thee, my beloved! thou art young and tender, and thou wilt feel the pangs of want, thou wilt suffer cold and hunger, and thou wilt call thy father and thy mother Tartars. When we are keeping holyday all my children will be near me, only thou wilt be absent, my beloved child. Write to me, not with pen and ink, but with thy tears, and seal thy letter with the stamp of thy exceeding grief. Spring will return; and as thy companions go to sport in the green meadows, I, poor mother, startled by their merriment, will look out into the wide road,—I shall see all thy companions, and my eyes will fill with the hot tears."

Hereupon we have a tirade against the autocrat and the Russian government; but as we have only aimed at selecting a sample from this violent one-sided work which might possess some literary interest, we abstain from farther notice or quotation.

MRS. BRAY'S NOVELS.

Courtenay of Walreddon; a Romance of the West.

By Mrs. Bray. Longmans.

This forms the tenth and last volume of the new

and illustrated edition, in series, of Mrs. Bray's novels; and may be considered her *chef-d'œuvre* for plot and sustained interest. The date of the story is that of the stirring times of Charles the First, so replete with inspiration to the lover of poetry and romance. In this tale, however, nothing of a public nature is introduced, except when the domestic circle, on which the main interest is made to rest, becomes involved in the universal conflict, or the struggles of principle common to the period. The incidents are very ably managed; and though perfectly natural and produced without effort, most of them come upon us with fine effect. The Devonshire sketches have a delightful grace and a freshness about them, and the characters are forcibly drawn; indeed, the richness of Mrs. Bray's imagination was never more displayed, in this respect, than in *Courtenay of Walreddon*. Lady Howard, first in rank as in power, is admirably painted; her profound grief, the calm dignity with which it is supported; the mysterious circumstances that seem to originate with herself, whilst we know not their cause, nor if guilt or misfortune be predominant; the lofty carriage with which she meets all changes of fortune, her moral courage, and the awe with which she inspires all who approach her, and the final development of her character and her sufferings;—altogether present us with a being that none but a mind fraught with deep feeling, the characteristic of genius, could have conceived or executed. And, what is, perhaps, extraordinary, in the same work we find another female, of a wholly opposite nature, and yet as originally portrayed: this character is Cinderella, the gipsy-girl. In her general preface (vol. i.) Mrs. Bray gives a curious account of the origin of this personage. She tells us that the girl in real life was a gipsy brought before her husband, in his capacity of magistrate, as a witness in a case of trespass. She declared her name to be Cinderella Small; her beauty, intelligence, and naïveté were altogether so remarkable, that Mrs. Bray could not resist picturing her in romance. In truth, Cinderella is a very affecting and beautifully drawn creature, who makes her way to the heart. Sir Bevil Grenville is a finely conceived impersonation of the high-spirited and generous cavalier; and Chudleigh, too, the parliamentarian, is very forcibly drawn; an unprejudiced representative of the best among his party, who acted from a true love of country. Old Constance Behenna (the devoted attendant of Lady Howard), who deplores the shame of her own daughter with such a heart-searching sorrow, and who loves so dearly the churchyard, for the sake of those beloved who lie under its green turf, is interestingly portrayed. Mr. Adam Gandy, the church-militant divine; and Bamfield Moore Carew, the king of the beggars, are characters replete with humour and originality.

Of the scenes that most delight us, we need but name that in which Cinderella is visited in prison by Lady Howard and Mr. Gandy,—full of pathos, and of high moral tone and feeling; that where Emily and Courtenay are brought captives before the fanatical Captain Smith; and that in the old chapel at Walreddon, on the day of the marriage, where the bridal is so unexpectedly disturbed; and also the rescue of the royalists by the beggar-king and his allies the gypsies, which is very picturesque and animated. In taking leave of Mrs. Bray's series, we have only to add our renewed wishes for its success. We earnestly hope that the genius and labours of this lady, and the excellent moral purposes to which they have been turned, may receive the rich reward they deserve in the warm support of the country.

CAPTAIN KEPPEL'S BORNEO, &c.

[Fifth and last notice.]

HAVING exhibited throughout our *Gazettes* of the present month some of the leading features of Dyak character, British naval enterprise, and the

consequences resulting from piratical defeat and Mr. Brooke's remarkable settlement at Sarawak, we shall now content ourselves with noticing a few other points of no less general interest, brought before the public in this diversified and very valuable publication.

In the first place, we have to advert to the services done to geography and navigation by the excellent maps and charts, from actual survey, which accompany these volumes. At the suggestion of Captain Beaufort, it appears that after engraving them with the ill-understood native names, the author had the whole re-engraved with English appellations, so that every mariner in these seas, and every individual consulting them for information in Europe, can detect at a glance the nature of the coasts and rivers, and the aspect of the country, as far as it has yet been explored.

Connected with this subject is the intelligence given respecting the British occupation of the island of Labuan (of which there is a good map), on the north-west coast of Borneo. Mr. Crawfurd, late Governor of Singapore, after specifying other advantages of this settlement, says :

"One of the most striking national advantages to be expected from the possession of Labuan would consist in its use in defending our own commerce, and attacking that of opponents, in the event of a naval war. Between the eastern extremity of the Straits of Malacca and Hong Kong, a distance of 1700 miles, there is no British harbour, and no safe and accessible port of refuge; Hong Kong is, indeed, the only spot within the wide limits of the Chinese Sea for such a purpose, although our legitimate commercial intercourse within it extends over a length of 2000 miles. Everywhere else, Manila and the newly opened ports of China excepted, our crippled vessels or our merchantmen pursued by the enemy's cruisers, are met by the exclusion or extortion of semi-barbarous nations, or in danger of falling into the power of robbers and savages. Labuan fortified, and supposing the Borneon coal to be as productive and valuable in quality as it is represented, would give Great Britain in a naval war the entire command of the China Sea. This would be the result of our possessing or commanding the only available supply of coal, that of Bengal and Australia excepted, to be found in the wide limits which extend east of the continents of Europe and America. The position of Labuan will render it the most convenient possible for the suppressing of piracy. The most desperate and active pirates of the whole Indian Archipelago are the tribes of the Sooloo group of islands lying close to the north shore of Borneo, and the people of the north and north-eastern coast of Borneo itself: these have of late years proved extremely troublesome both to the English and Dutch traders; both nations are bound, by the convention of 1824, to use their best endeavours for the suppression of piracy, and many efforts have certainly been made for this purpose, although as yet without material effect in diminishing the evil. From Labuan, these pirates might certainly be intercepted by armed steamers far more conveniently and cheaply than from any other position that could be easily pointed out: indeed, the very existence of a British settlement would tend to the suppression of piracy."

Of the supply of coal there is no longer any doubt; for we read, "The mines of antimony are 300 miles to the south-west of Labuan, and those of gold on the west and the south coasts; and I am not aware that any mineral wealth has been discovered in the portion of Borneo immediately connected with Labuan, except that of coal—for more important and valuable, indeed, than gold or antimony. The existence of a coal-field has been traced from Labuan to the islands of Kayn-arang—which words, in fact, mean coal-island—to the island of Chermin, and from thence to the mainland, over a distance of thirty miles. With respect to the coal of Labuan itself, I find no distinct statement beyond the simple fact of the existence of the mineral;

but the coal of the two islands in the river, and of the main, is proved to be—from analysis and trial in steam-navigation—superior to nearly all the coal which India has hitherto yielded, and equal to some of our best English coals."

In conclusion Mr. Crawfurd observes :

"A charter for the administration of justice should be as nearly as possible contemporaneous with the cession. Great inconvenience has resulted in all our Eastern settlements of the same nature with that speculated on at Labuan, from the want of all legal provision for the administration of justice; and remembering this, it ought to be guarded against in the case of Labuan. Whether in preparing for the establishment of a British settlement on the coast of Borneo, or in actually making one, her Majesty's ministers, I am satisfied, will advert to the merits and peculiar qualifications of Mr. Brooke. That gentleman is unknown to me, except by his acts and writings; but, judging by these, I consider him as possessing all the qualities which have distinguished the successful founders of new colonies; intrepidity, firmness, and enthusiasm, with the art of governing and leading the masses. He possesses some, moreover, which have not always belonged to such men, however otherwise distinguished; a knowledge of the language, manners, customs, and institutions of the natives by whom the colony is to be surrounded; with benevolence and an independent fortune, things still more unusual with the projectors of colonies. Towards the formation of a new colony, indeed, the available services of such a man, presuming they are available, may be considered a piece of good fortune."

In his last chapter Capt. Keppel still more distinctly shews the vast commercial importance of the position of the island on which we trust the British flag now flies:

"The central position of Labuan is truly remarkable. That island is distant from

Hong Kong	1009 miles.
Singapore	707 "
Siam	984 "
Manilla	650 "

On the other hand, Mr. Brooke's territory of Sarawak is distant from

Singapore	437 miles.
Labuan	304 "
Hong Kong	1199 "

How direct and central are these valuable possessions for the universal trade of the East!—and how expedient to have a fair knowledge of their geographical and navigable capabilities! To help forward these desiderata, the maps which illustrate this work have been carefully constructed." [As already intimated by us.]

The natural history of Borneo is only partially elicited in this work; but in the event of a second edition being called for, which is most likely to be immediate, further information is promised: meanwhile the account of the Mias, or wild man of the woods, and other incidental gleanings, will be found to be novel and curious.

And now, as a literary journal, we have only to turn to the valuable contributions to philology which are contained in an Appendix to Vol. I. The Dyak language supplies a new source for inquiry and comparison; and in speaking of it the author truly remarks on the impossibility of reducing the vocabulary as yet to a system.

"Nearly all the vowels, for example, have been found of equal value; and as they have but one general Malay name, so it happens that (for instance) the consonants *b d* might be pronounced with the intervening sound, *bad bad bid bid bud bud*, and sundry variations besides, unknown to the English tongue. This will in a great degree account for the universally vexatious, because puzzling, spelling, inflections, and pronunciation of Eastern names, which is so injurious to the literature and knowledge of those countries amongst Europeans. And when it is superadded to this, that the Dyak dialects, as far as they are concerned in this inquiry, are almost exclusively corrupt Ma-

lay, and the Malay itself a mosaic, in which Persian and Sanscrit are prominently intermixed, and Dutch and Portuguese not uncommon elements, it may fairly be conceded that a very imperfect glossary was as much as could be attached to a publication of the kind."

When the interior tribes are more visited, much new and additional light will, however, be thrown on the labour already bestowed by Mr. Brooke, who has here collected a considerable specimen vocabulary of Malay, Suntah, Sow, Sibnow, Sakaran, Meri, Millanow, Malo, and Kayan dialects. Upon these he states :

"I conceive it beyond question, that the whole of these dialects form links in the chain of that primitive language entitled by Marsden the Polynesian. Marsden in the introduction to the grammar, p. 18, remarks: 'The doubts which have arisen respecting only the third, or that original and essential part which, to the Malayan, stands in the same relation as the Saxon to the English, and which I have asserted to be one of the numerous dialects of the widely extended language found to prevail, with strong features of similarity, throughout the Archipelago on the hither side of New Guinea, and, with a less marked resemblance, amongst the islands of the Pacific Ocean or South Sea. This language, which, in its utmost range, embraces Madagascar also, to the westward, may be conveniently termed the Polynesian, and distinguished, as already suggested, into the Hither (frequently termed the East insular language) and the Further Polynesian.' It is an extraordinary confirmation of these just views to find the dialects of the wildest and rudest tribes in Borneo—tribes far removed, and holding no communication one with another—forming links of the chain which extends so far over the insular portion of the globe, and is as yet untraced to either continent. Good vocabularies of the language of some of the South Sea islands, New Zealand, and Madagascar, might even at the present day throw farther light on our knowledge of these dialects, which at the time that Marsden wrote was far inferior to what has subsequently been attained. The Orang Laut, or the Orang de bower angin—for they disown the term of Malay—inhabiting the various rivers on the N.W. coast, all speak dialects of their own. Bruni, the capital, is stated to have been peopled by the Orang Laut from Johore; Sarawak from Java; Sadong, probably the same; Samarahan from Pegu; Linga from the island and kingdom of that name, corruptly called Lingin; Sarebus from Menangkabau in Sumatra: and all these may be called patois of the Malay language, mixed and corrupted by the Dyak dialects of the neighbourhood."

With this notice of language we take our leave of a work which we do not think any language would supply us with terms to praise more highly than that deserves.

FEAT FUEL.
On the Artificial Preparation of Peat, &c. By R. Mallet. Pp. 49. Dublin, Oldham; London, Whittaker.

Peat Coal versus Pit Coal. By R. M. Alloway, Esq., J.P., &c. Pp. 16. Idem.

THESE publications, useful in their way and patriotic in their object, presuppose the writers to be unacquainted with the decisive experiments made several years ago by Lord Willoughby de Eresby, and his lordship's conversion of peat into the most perfect fuel, as a substitute for coal, and as superior to coal for metallurgical purposes. The *Literary Gazette* having in many a No. brought this important fact into public notice, all we shall now say is, that we rejoice in every new effort to obtain for it the consideration and the application it so richly deserves. We are sure that, even in the possession of affluent coal-fields, the sooner it is extensively and earnestly brought into use, the better it will be for the country, and enable manufacturing enterprise to be carried into desolate places, where the cottager at present can hardly warm his limbs.

Persian Dutch it may lossary cation
For Ireland the blessing might readily be made inestimable.

Old England; a Pictorial Museum of Regal, Ecclesiastical, Baronial, Municipal, and Popular Antiquities. Folio. Vol. II. C. Knight.

The parts collected into an attractive volume, as full of pictures and woodcuts as it can stick, and really enough to amuse and inform (such a place as a farmhouse or the abode of a mechanic of the better order) for a whole twelvemonth. These are desirable publications for the middle classes of active life.

The Oregon Question examined, &c. &c. By Travers Twiss, D.C.L., F.R.S., 8vo, pp. 391. Longmans. In this volume Dr. Twiss takes the most comprehensive view of the historical, international, and legal points involved in this question; and from every consideration decides against the enormous claims of the United States, and in favour of the British arguments. Whether the *jus gentium* will have anything to do with its settlement depends so much on backwoods morality, that it is impossible to offer a guess on the subject; but if it has, then will Dr. Twiss's work be consulted as a high and convincing authority.

Surenne's French Pronouncing Dictionary. Pp. 834, double columns. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A FOURTH edition speaks the merits of M. Surenne; but it does more, for it exhibits very great pains-taking in very marked improvements, especially in the way of pronunciation, the critical rules and examples for which are deserving of the highest praise. The portable size of the work renders it convenient in every way; and we can conscientiously recommend it as an excellent reference for the interpretation and use of the French tongue.

A Fragmentary Chapter from the Delectable History of Robert the Fox. 4to.

"IMPRINTED AT THE SIGN OF THE COCK, OVER AGAINST SAINT STEPHEN'S CHAPEL:" this is an apologue after the antique form, a political *jeu d'esprit*, in which Sir Robert Peel figures as the cunning and treacherous Fox, and his present measures are assailed by Benifice the jackdaw, Tonbelly the hog, Baited the bull, &c. &c.; and his escutcheon is described as carved out of the cotton-tree, with the device

A chameleon (proper) sliding on a scale (azure).

The motto:

Here wee goe up, up, up!
Here wee goe down, down, downy!

which is the best hit in the satire.

Journal of a Clergyman during a Visit to the Peninsula in 1841. By the Rev. W. Robertson, Minister of New Greyfriars, Edinburgh. 8vo, pp. 401. London and Edinburgh, Blackwood.

THE REV. AUTHOR, IN INDIFERENT HEALTH, VISITED SEVERAL PARTS OF PORTUGAL AND SPAIN, AND RESIDED SOME TIME AT GIBRALTAR; AND HAS GIVEN US HIS IMPRESSIONS AND FEELINGS, NOT SO MUCH AS A LAY TRAVELLER, BUT AS A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL DESIRIOUS TO MARK AND REPORT UPON ITS STATE IN THESE PARTS. THE RELIGIOUS READER WILL ACCORDINGLY FIND MORE TO INTEREST HIM THAN THE GENERAL READER IN THE VOLUME; THOUGH THE OBSERVATIONS THROUGHOUT, IF NOT POSSESSING MUCH OF NOVELTY, ARE OF AN INSTRUCTIVE ORDER.

June Bouvierie; or, Prosperity and Adversity. By Catherine Sinclair, author of "Scotland and the Scotch," &c. Pp. 313. Edin., Whyte and Co.; Glasgow, Collins; London, Longmans; Dublin, Curry.

THE PLEASING MORAL INculcations of Miss Sinclair are here, as in all her productions, distinguished by great purity and an aptitude for close observation upon many grades of society. She paints life as it actually is, without exaggeration; and from her pictures of high and low, under various circumstances of good or evil, points her lessons to the advancement of the one and the cure of the other. In this volume her leading object has been to exalt the character of the sisters of England, too often mortified by the appellation of "the old maids."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR.—The report in your journal of the meeting of the Archaeological Association on the 4th of this month, mentions a conversation which then took place on the reading of a paper by Mr. Croker on the "hunting of the wren"; in the course of which reference was made to a French dictionary of the sixteenth century, as giving "Roitelet" (little king), "Roy des oiseaux" (king of the birds), and "Roy Bertrand" for this bird. Now, *roitelet* is still the common, indeed the only familiar, French name for the wren; and the notion of his being a *king* runs through his appellations in many other languages beside. One's first impression, on learning this from a search through several dictionaries, is, that the royal title must have been originally meant for the golden-crested wren, to which the names of "*Regulus*" (*Sylvia Regulus*, *Regulus cristatus*) and "*Roitelet*" are now generally confined by naturalists, and have arisen from his crest, though several other larger and more important birds can boast a similar head-gear. The Greeks called both the wren and some kind of crested serpent (the cobra *de capelho*?) *Barisokos* (little king); while the Spaniards term the former *Reyezuelo*, and the latter *Reyecillo*, both diminutives of *rey* (king). The Latin *regulus* (the same) seems till recent times to have included all kinds of wrens; and the following names from other tongues seem as generally applied: Italian, *reatino* (little king); Swedish, *kunga-fogel* (king's fowl); Danish, *fugle-konge* (fowl-king). Moreover, some of the kingly names given to the wren apply better to the Troglodytes, or common wren, than to the *Regulus*, or golden-crest; such are the German *zaun-könig* (hedge-king), the Italian *re di siepe*, *di macchia* (king of the hedge, bush), the former being notoriously fond of sticking to his hedge, while the latter often sings on the top of a tree; the Dutch *winter-koninkje* (little winter-king) is applicable to both equally, if derived, as seems likely, from their singing in the winter. How "the poor little wren, the most diminutive of birds," either achieved this greatness, or came to have it thrust upon him, still remains to be explained; the superstition, like so many still kept up in Christian countries, probably dates from heathen times. Another Danish name for the common wren, *Elle-konge* (the alder-king), (German, *Erl-könig*), and that for the wag-tail (*motacilla alba*, a kindred bird), *Elle-kongens datter* (the alder-king's daughter), give another glimpse of mythological allusion. The Swedes, I may add, also call the willow-wren (*motacilla trochilus*) *sparf-kung*; the Danes *spurre-konge* (sparrow-king). With regard to the hunting of the wren mentioned at the meeting in question as still kept up in Ireland, the Isle of Man, and France, it may be added, that in Surrey, and probably elsewhere in England, he is to this day hunted by boys in the autumn and winter, but merely "for amusement and cruelty," as my informant worded it, so that there the practice has not even the excuse of superstition; and the poor little "king of birds" dies "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." It is curious that there should exist a very general contrary superstition, embodied in well-known nursery-lines, against killing a wren. Can this be a relic of the olden pagan notion of his kingly inviolability yet struggling with the Christian (?) command (see Sir H. Ellis's ed. of *Brand*, vol. ii. p. 516) for his persecution at Christmas? In the child's distich, however, the wren is female, which it often is in provincial speech, Jenny or Kitty Wren; while the red-breast is as usual male, Robin. Mr. Halliwell gives the English version of the "Hunting of the Wren" in his *Nursery Rhymes* (2d ed. 1843), at p. 180; and the Isle of Man "Hunting of the Wren" at p. 249. I hope some other correspondent may be able to tell us something more about the little bird-king than yours, Mr. Editor, very obediently,

M. H. O.
Isle of Wight, Feb. 23.

THE STATUES AT LUDGATE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR.—In p. 175 of your No. 1518, mention is made of some drawings being exhibited, before the members of the Archaeological Institute, of antiquities recently discovered in the City, and of the statues formerly on Ludgate, supposed to represent King Lud and his queen. Fortunately the history and destination of the effigies, after their removal from Ludgate prison, are well defined. The last Ludgate was erected A.D. 1586, with the statue of Queen Elizabeth on the west front, and those of King Lud and his two sons on the east. On its demolition in 1760, Sir Francis Gosling obtained them from the City, and caused that of Queen Elizabeth to be placed at the east end of the church of St. Dunstan in the West (he being then alderman of the ward), and there it remained until 1832, when that edifice was taken down: shortly afterwards it was placed in a niche above the entrance of the parochial schools, on the east side of the new church, facing Fleet Street, where it now remains. I can find no mention of Lud's queen.

The statues of King Lud and his two sons, Androgeus and Theomantius, or Temantius, were deposited in the bone-house of the parish, where, says Smith—who has given us a representation of them—they remain "in a very forlorn state."—Your obedient servant,*

GEO. SMEETON.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 12th.—Mr. G. Rennie, treasurer and vice-president, in the chair.—"A practical extension of the application of the law of mortality, announced by Mr. B. Gompertz in the *Philosophical Transactions for 1823*," by Mr. A. M. Drach. In endeavouring to verify the theoretical law of mortality announced by Mr. Gompertz, by means of constants derived from the results of the English census of 1841, which are contained in the Sixth Annual Report of the Registrar-General, and which furnish an extended basis for computation, the author found the accordance between the two to be so remarkably close as to justify the assumption that Mr. Gompertz's formula expresses the true law of the decrement of human life. The paper was occupied with the analytical details of this investigation.

"On spontaneous nitration," by Prof. C. F. Schoenbein. From various facts adduced by the author, he is led to the conclusion that, during the slow combustion of phosphorus in moist atmospheric air, while ozone is produced, there is also formed a quantity of nitric acid; and that, in all cases where both these compound bodies are simultaneously generated, however different may be the concomitant circumstances of the experiment, there is strong reason to suspect that the formation of the one is in some way connected with that of the other.

"On the process of etching or engraving by means of voltaic electricity," by Dr. J. H. Pring. The author, referring to an account which he gave of his method of etching on hardened steel plates, or other polished metallic surfaces, by means of electricity, in the *Philosophical Magazine* for November 1843, offered some additional observations relating to the theory of the process, and stated some further practical remarks in its application to engraving. A specimen of a steel-plate, and of a razor, on which ornamented designs were engraved by this method, were laid before the society in illustration.

Marques of Northampton's Soirée.—If rank and numbers be evidence, as they certainly are, of the esteem in which an individual in a public station is held, the crowded apartments of the President of

* From this it would appear that Mr. Archer's drawings and Dr. Bromet's suppositions must rest on error.—*Ed.*
L. G.

the Royal Society on Saturday afforded overwhelming proof of his deserved popularity with high and low in the world of science and literature. From nine o'clock till midnight, the cry was still, "They come!" and if hundreds had not gone away, it seemed to us as if hundreds could not have been admitted, so great was the desire to pay due respect to this truly amiable and excellent nobleman. Among the company was Prince Albert, who bestowed great attention on the various novelties which were disposed upon the tables in every room; and, after inspecting these, we must confess it was a relief (if not for H.R.H. and suite, at least for others) to adjourn to the cooler room below, where sherbet, ices, coffee, and wines, were abundantly supplied to refresh the heat-fatigued visitors. The whole scene was very gratifying; and the friendly intercourse among so many men, distinguished in various walks of life, gave the pleasantest animation to it, as well as laid the foundations of future intercourse most desirable to be cultivated for the advantage of all intellectual pursuits. The principal objects in the rooms for inspection were, the working model of the compressed-air engine, specimens of the productions of wood and stone carving-machines, microscopic novelties, a model of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, British coated glass vases, &c., Mr. Goadby's preparations, daguerreotypes, talbotypes, &c. &c. The compressed-air engine attracted great attention, and numerous questions were put to Mr. Parsey. We have already described the first model, so we need not enter into details of the present one, now being publicly exhibited. We may repeat, that upon the self-regulating valve chiefly depends success on a practical scale. The proportion of weight the little engine draws in the Gallery, Pall-mall, is equivalent to a train of fifty tons; and this it does easily, and at any speed within the limits of the compressed power. We were much pleased with the rough machine carvings, requiring for completion but little aid from hand: any model in the highest relief may be copied. The objects in the microscopes were micastarius and infusoria, shells, &c., from guano. The specimen of the coated glass, the manufacture of England, was gratifying, and shewed that no rivalry in any department of the arts need be feared. The model of the temple on this same table was interesting; it was, however, accompanied with a programme, with an announcement relative to value, &c., which, we think, must have escaped the notice of the gentlemen who superintended the arrangement of these matters for the noble President. Mr. Goadby's preparations, Mr. Petrie's patent cooking-apparatus, signals for sailing-vessels, &c. &c., came in for their due share of notice. In conclusion, we must mention the photographic specimens exhibited by M. Claudet, and direct attention to the praiseworthy and indefatigable exertions of this gentleman to advance photography. One of the effects shewn was the hourly changes in the intensity of solar action. It was, we believe, a first effort, and the successive tints were obtained by periodically shifting the prepared paper. M. Claudet intends using a heliostat, and extending this investigation over a lengthened period. We trust, also, he will record the hourly state of the atmosphere, clouds, and other meteorological phenomena. They are a necessary appendage for accurate data.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 23d.—Lord Colchester, president, in the chair. The reading of Mr. W. C. Thomson's account of his journey from Sierra Leone to Timbo, capital of Futah Jallo, was resumed. As this portion of the documents, communicated by the Government to the society, is merely a detailed itinerary of the traveller's route from Sierra Leone, to Timbo it is much more valuable as a geographical document than interesting in a popular sense, and moreover hardly admits of curtailment. The distance, in a direct line from Sierra Leone to Timbo, is about 175 miles, yet such were the obstacles thrown in

the traveller's way by the jealousy and cupidity of the coast Mandingo, that he was six months on the road. He reached Timbo in June 1842; and, as we have already reported, died there in December 1843, when he was just about to proceed to the Niger.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The Anniversary Meeting took place on Friday week, when the Wollaston medal and the accompanying balance was awarded to Mr. W. Longdale, formerly the curator of the society. The high and general respect in which this gentleman is held caused the announcement to be received with universal satisfaction. The president delivered an able address, reviewing the progress of Geology during the past year.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Feb. 24th.—Sir J. Rennie, president, in the chair. Read, 1.—"A description of the Dinting Vale Viaduct on the line of the Sheffield and Manchester Railway," by A. S. Gee. This viaduct consists of sixteen arches, five of which are of timber, and eleven of brick. The whole of the large piers, wings, outside spandrels and parapets, are built of stone from the quarries in the neighbourhood. The five large arches, which are each of 125 feet span, and 25 feet versed sine, are built of Memel timber; the main ribs are composed of planking three inches thick, bent and laid longitudinally, and fastened together with oak trenails, and firmly stayed by means of wrought iron tie-rods. The average cost of construction was calculated to be about 24. 1s. per superficial yard, and 6s. 9d. per cubic yard, the viaduct being 8 yards wide.

2.—A paper by Mr. G. W. Hemans, describing the system invented by Sir John Macneill, and employed on the Dublin and Drogheda Railway, for preparing the transverse sleepers, and fastening the rails upon them. The sleepers are half haulks, twelve inches by six inches at the junction of the rails; and intermediately half trees of larch, with the bark on, not less than eight inches by four inches, are placed with the round side upwards, at an average distance of two feet six inches. These sleepers are prepared for bearing the rails, by fixing twelve at a time on a sliding table, similar to that of a planing machine: they are moved forward by steam-power beneath two circular cutters, set at the given distance of the gauge, and revolving very rapidly, and which pass through the whole series of sleepers, cutting at a given inclination the seats for the rails. A slight stoppage of the table takes place as each sleeper is cut, in order to afford time for four drills to descend simultaneously, and to pierce the holes for the pins or trenails for holding down the rails. An engine of six-horse power suffices for working two of these machines; by which 1000 sleepers can be finished complete in twenty-four hours, at an expense of about one penny, instead of twopence-halfpenny each, which they formerly cost by manual labour.

3.—The paper by Mr. W. Vanderkorte described a very useful arrangement of machinery for working the diving bell used in setting the masonry, at a depth of about eight feet below the level of extraordinary spring tides, in the extension of the pier at Kilrush in the river Shannon, under the direction of Mr. T. Rhodes, the chief engineer of the Shannon Commissioners. Upon a series of piles and longitudinal timbers a railway was laid, upon which two travelling platforms were constructed; with winches &c. One of them brought the stone nearly over its intended position, and lowered it into the sea; the other then brought the diving bell over it, and by means of a chain and purchase the stone was lifted and placed properly in its place by the men in the bell. This work was continued through all seasons, and with the utmost regularity; and the work so constructed was as solid as if built on dry land. The drawings accompanying the paper gave all the details of the machinery.

"An account of the drops used for the shipment of coals at Middlesbrough on Tees," by Mr. G. Turner, was announced for the next meeting.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Feb. 25th.—Mr. W. H. Bodkin, M.P., V.P., in the chair.—The first paper read was by Mr. T. R. Crampton, on a new form of locomotive steam-engine; the object being to prevent rocking and vibratory motion, and to obtain the advantage of large driving wheels without increasing the height of the centre of gravity. The principal feature of Mr. Crampton's invention is the placing the driving wheels at the fire-box end of the boiler, so that the wheels may be made of any height without raising the centre of gravity of the engine.—The second paper read was by Dr. Ritterbandt, "On the formation of incrustation in steam-engines, and on the means of preventing it." The Doctor's application of muriate of ammonia for the latter purpose (see *Lit. Gaz.* last week, report of Civil Engineers) promises great practical advantages.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, PARIS.

Feb. 9th and 16th.—M. Demidoff of St. Petersburg was elected a corresponding member to the geographical section, and M. Schubler to the section of rural economy.

The report by MM. Payen, Boussingault, and Gaudichard, on the several memoirs relative to the potato-malady, states that all received are insufficient to account for the disease.

M. Mauvais submitted corrected elements of the planet Astræa, deduced from the observations of the 14th December, made at Berlin, and those of the 5th and 28th January, at Paris. They shew a considerable increase in the longitude of the epoch, a mean movement of 8" greater than that given by M. Encke, and an eccentricity notably diminished.

A communication from M. Guillemin shewed that a bar of soft iron, fixed at one end and weighted at the other, raised the weight when a current of electricity traversed a helix of copper wire surrounding it, sustained the weight so long as the current was passing, and let it fall again when the circuit was broken. This action is slight, but sufficiently sensible to the eye, even with a single element of Bunsen and a bar of one centimetre in diameter and from twenty to thirty long. M. Regnault declared that M. Wertheim had already made experiments of the same kind; he had determined that a curved bar changed its path of curvature when an electrical current was passed round it. It was to M. Wertheim's researches that M. Arago alluded on a former Monday, in regard to visible movements in bars so treated, and in reference to Faraday's recent discoveries.

M. Robert recommends decorticitation in longitudinal bands for the destruction of larvae, and for the restoration of sickly elms, apple-trees, ash, oak, &c. He says also, that the entire removal of the old bark tends greatly to the increase of wood, in elms especially, and to restore fecundity to old fruit-trees.

The pluviometric observations of M. Don, in Algiers, from the 1st January, 1838, to 31st December, 1845, shew three very rainy and three very dry months, separated by three moderately, and in regard to each other, equally wet months. The first two are respectively the spring and autumn quarters of the year.

M. Babinet read a memoir on the *nuages ignées* of the sun, so named by M. Arago, the clouds or mountains of fire seen during the eclipse of July 1842. M. Babinet considers these incandescent masses to be emanations from the sun,—planetary masses circulating round their primary, with a swiftness due to their proximity.

Farther observations of the *double comet* seem to prove that the two nuclei have separated 8000 leagues between the 27th January and the 12th February. The parabolic orbits described by each of them, calculated by Laugier, are,—

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No. 1. 12:10544	0° 56' 23" 46'	107° 10' 44"	240° 51' 45" 13° 28' 41"
No. 2. 12:12983	0° 56' 26" 46'	107° 13' 17"	240° 54' 54" 13° 25' 3"

M. Bequerel, Babinet, Royer, Laugier, &c., were named to report upon a remarkable case of animal electricity exhibited in a young girl, thirteen years of age, Angelique Cottin by name. A letter read related that the electro-magnetic powers of this child were suddenly developed in the evening of the 8th of January last, and that they had been witnessed by crowds. Since her arrival in Paris she has been the subject of experiments, and M. Arago declared that he had witnessed some of the phenomena, which appeared to him worthy of a profound examination. The electro-magnetic capabilities of Angelique are repellent,—she herself being attracted instantly and irresistibly by whatsoever moves away from her. The objects of these repulsions are chairs, tables, chests, &c.: all touched by her clothes are displaced or overturned. A sofa, very large and heavy, upon which a man was sitting, was pushed violently over to the wall! A chair, held by two strong persons, and upon one half of which another was seated, was torn away with violence as soon as Angelique was placed on the other half!! The electrical emanations pass chiefly from the bend of the left arm,—there the skin is hottest!! So say the medical examiners; what will be the decision of the commission of Academicians? Phenomena or collusion? M. Arago right or deceived? The scientific editor of the *Epoch* seems likely to be the Wakley to expose this novel wonder!

M. Moreau de Jonnés writes, that at Guadeloupe, in the night of the 16th and 17th of December last, the earth trembled violently, without, however, causing any damage. There were two shocks, following close the one upon the other, with subterranean noise, like the rolling of heavy carriages over paved roads. The shocks were felt at Martinique, thirty leagues to the south, and northwards to the United States. The earthquake was not accompanied, nor, till the date of the letter, followed by any volcanic phenomena.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Feb. 19.—The Rev. Philip Alpe, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*, and the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—The Rev. C. Ward, the Rev. J. Jackson, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. Jones, Brasenose College; A. H. Hosmer, Oriel College; J. E. Hill, G. C. Irving, A. C. Smith, F. Lear, G. G. Kennaway, Christ Church; J. W. Tonkin, W. J. Springett, Wadham College; R. J. Hawke, Worcester College.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

On Thursday, Mr. Hallam was in the chair, Sir J. Boileau, Mr. Cauvin, and Mr. P. Colquhoun, were admitted members; and several others were suspended for election and proposed, including Sir J. Rennie, the president of the Royal College of Civil Engineers. An interesting paper on Greek topography, and the remains of ancient places of classical and historical note, was read by Mr. Hamilton, of which we hope to give an analysis in our next *Gazette*.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

On Wednesday the annual meeting of the proprietors took place, Lord Auckland in the chair. The report was of a mixed nature, inclining to the favourable side. The number of students in the college and school during the year 1844-5 was 798—viz., in the faculty of arts and laws (including 26 attendants on the schoolmasters' classes), 163; in the faculty of medicine, 320; and in the junior school, 316. The highest number of boys in the school in any single term was 268. The amount of fees was £13,645. 3s., of which the sum of 7683. 15s. was received for the medical faculty, 2201. 8s. for the faculty of arts and laws, and 3760. 7s. for the

junior school. The professors and masters were paid 8203. 5s. 10d. The sum of 2795L, the amount of fees received for hospital practice, was transferred to the hospital committee, towards the maintenance of the charity, and 2643L 17s. 2d. was passed to the college fund. In the current session, up to the present date, in the medical faculty the number of new entries was 95, the total 285, and the amount of fees 3860L 19s. The new entries to hospital practice were 76, and the sum received for fees 1667L 10s. In the faculty of arts the new entries were 94, the aggregate 162; the fees amounted to 2936L 2s.; and there were besides 29 attending the schoolmasters' classes. In the junior school, this term, the number of pupils was 249, while in the corresponding term of last year it was 244. In each of these departments there was an improvement, comparing the current with the past year, both as regards the number of pupils and the amount of fees. Four Hindoos were now attending the medical classes of the college, and were pursuing their studies with assiduity and intelligence. The council had likewise satisfaction in mentioning that they learn from Dr. Hobson, a former medical student in that college, now settled in China, that the natives come in great numbers, and from distant parts, to avail themselves of the opportunity of European treatment, at an hospital at Hong-kong, under his charge, established expressly for their benefit. The state of the junior school had been the subject of anxious inquiry by the council; and with the assistance of the head master, some important improvements in the conduct of the school had been effected. The statement of receipts and expenditure shewed that, after deducting the balances in hand respectively at the commencement and termination of the year, the total receipts were 19,531L 7s. 10d., and the disbursements 20,325L 6s. 6d., exhibiting an excess of expenditure above actual receipts during the year of 793L 18s. 8d. The council, aware of the increasing importance of chemical science, and of the demand for a more extended system of practical instruction, had thought it their duty to add to the means already possessed by the college. With that view they had instituted distinct professorship of practical chemistry, and had appointed Mr. George Fownes, F.R.S., to the chair. The statement respecting the hospital was very satisfactory. Lord Brougham was re-elected, and Lord Auckland (to whom thanks were voted) V.P.; and the report being agreed to, the meeting separated.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 26.—Mr. Amyot in the chair. Mr. E. T. Artis exhibited the bronze casket, the property of Earl Fitzwilliam, noticed in the report of the proceedings of the British Archaeological Association in our last No. Mr. Kempe exhibited drawings of the beautifully ornamented doorway of St. Saviour's, Southwark (destroyed a few years since), accompanied with notes on its architectural and decorative peculiarities. The secretary then read the concluding portions of Sir H. Nicolas's paper on the badge of the ostrich feathers, and of Mr. Grave's paper on the *raths and dunes* in Ireland.

Mr. Vaux, of the British Museum, who at a recent meeting had been rejected by ballot, was again proposed as a candidate.*

* We have received a letter on this subject, which we think merits attention, and therefore print it; for the present without a remark.—*Ed. L. G.*

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—Observing that you take an interest in the proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, I am induced to call your attention to an extraordinary feature in those of the meeting last evening. Two weeks since a gentleman who holds a subordinate situation in the British Museum was balloted for, and rejected by a very large number—21 to 18. Last evening he was again proposed, and again his certificate was ordered to be suspended the usual time. Had there been the possibility of a mistake in the matter, this attempt to thrust an individual into the society against such a recent and unequivocal expression of the wishes of a majority, would have been highly indecorous, and contrary to the usages of all literary and scientific societies; but as there could have been no mistake, the attempt to bring

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Feb. 21st.—The Earl of Auckland in the chair.—Mr. Shakespear read to the meeting a short paper upon Cufic inscription from Erzroom, in Armenia, surrounding the great circular tower of the citadel of that town. The inscription had been copied by Mr. Redhouse, the British resident in Erzroom, and by him it was transmitted to the society. The characters are well formed and carefully traced; but a large bit, where the subject seems to begin and end, is unfortunately broken; and, as the whole inscription is short, consisting of a single line running round the edifice, the loss of so great and important a portion, which also probably contained the date, renders the explanation incomplete. So much as remains appears to record that Abu Muzafr Ghazi, the son of Abu'l Kasim, held the city (of Erzroom) in trust for Shams ul Mulk; or, that he acknowledged the latter for his superior and protector. From a careful investigation of the names of Seljucide princes, who reigned over part of Persia, Syria, and Asia Minor, Mr. Shakespear concludes that the inscription must have been dated at the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century.

The secretary read a paper from Mr. W. Elliot, of the Madras civil service, containing some observations upon an interesting inscription in the Canarese character and Sanscrit language, dated A.D. 1095, which was found near Damal, on the high road from Dharwar to Bellay; a transcript and translation of which was laid before the meeting. The interest of this document turns upon the proof it affords not only of the existence of Buddhism in India at so recent a period, but of its being still a respectable creed, and in considerable favour. It records, first, the donation of land by the mercantile community of Damal to a temple of Buddha erected by themselves; and afterwards a subsequent donation to the same temple by the local governor. It begins with a formula of adoration to Buddha; and is accompanied by a piece of sculpture representing a Buddhist divinity seated in a shrine, a cow and calf, and a votary in the act of adoration, with two burning lamps.

Another inscription, of nearly the same date, from a *virgal*, or battle-stone, found in Dharwar, records the death of a village hero in a boundary-fight, and his being embraced by the celestial nymphs, and carried to paradise. This was accompanied by a drawing of the sculptures on the stone, containing above twenty figures, and obviously of Buddhist origin.

These monuments have been already mentioned in the society's Journal (vol. vii. 1837); but the interest that has been subsequently felt in the investigation of facts connected with the prevalence and extinction of Buddhism in India, and recently evinced by the publication of Mons. Burnouf's valuable *Introduction to the History of Buddhism*, has induced Mr. Elliot to send to England a more complete notice of these remains.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Feb. 25th.—At a meeting of the committee were elected seven new associates, two correspondents, and one honorary foreign member, Prof. Arneth, the well-known keeper of the imperial collection

him in by mere numbers is, I submit, ungentlemanly and indecent. A strong ground of objection to this gentleman is, I am told, that arising from his having been the tool in the hands of a party connected with our national institution in the late unhappy disputes of the Archeological Association. It has been widely stated that he had been actively employed by some leaders of the *Institute* party, to prejudice the clergy and people of Winchester against the *Association*, which met there in August, previous to which, I am told, the town had been canvassed, and all sorts of reports spread abroad, by the active agency of this person and some others. This alone, if true, I should urge, is a strong argument against introducing into our hitherto harmonious society one who has been mixed up in cabals and dissensions in other bodies; and especially when it is considered that, as a servant of the public, duty should have suggested to him the propriety of neutrality.

I am, sir, &c.

F. S. A.

London, Feb. 27th, 1846.

of medals and antiquities at Vienna. Twenty-one communications from different parts of the country were laid before the committee; but, from the pressure of other business, they were passed over very rapidly. Mr. Smith exhibited various articles found in London, and particularly in the river Thames, within the last few days. Among these was a beautiful truncated bronze figure, of the best style of Roman art, brought from the Thames the same morning. The head, arms, and legs, had been chopped off. Most of the Roman bronzes found in the Thames are thus mutilated. It was the work of the Saxon Christians, who, when they found images of this kind in digging among the Roman remains, mutilated them, both because they looked upon them as idols, and because they thought they were magically charmed, and imagined that the charm was thus broken.* Mr. Burkett exhibited several curious ornamental articles which had belonged to the parliamentary officer Fleetwood. A letter was read from M. Durand of Calais, describing the discovery, in digging foundations in that town, of a vessel bearing the arms of England. A rather long letter was laid before the committee from Mr. Lower, detailing new discoveries at Lewes, which will be read at the next public meeting, when a number of articles sent by the coach will be exhibited to illustrate it. Some antiquities, found at Old Sarum, were presented to the Association by Mr. Doubleday. Mr. Bateman sent an account, with drawings, of a number of celts and other weapons found in a large earthen jar a few miles from York. These also will probably be brought before the next public meeting. Mr. Wire of Colchester sent a number of bracelets found in Roman sepulchral interments in the neighbourhood of that town. He stated that these articles were found sometimes on the arms of the skeletons, but very frequently two or three together on the breasts of the people buried. Among the other communications were some from Messrs. Haigh, L. Jewitt, Bruce, Repton, Shipp, &c.

The committee was afterwards occupied with preparations for the anniversary, which will take place on Wednesday next. A code of laws to be proposed on that occasion was read. Among other plans resolved upon by the committee, it is proposed that the Journal of the Association shall no longer be sold in numbers, but that it shall be delivered to associates alone, and only sold in annual volumes at an advanced price. This will, at all events, shew that the Journal of the Association is strictly its own; and another advantage will be, that the committee can give a thicker or thinner quarterly part, at their convenience; so that, if there are more than usual subjects of importance on one occasion, they will not be compelled to put any of them off for three months.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

Feb. 17th.—Mr. T. Wright in the chair. Mr. Lloyd made a written communication concerning the archaeological explorations carried on by Mr. Layard near Mosul, and which had been interrupted by the Turkish rulers. Mr. Ainsworth, the honorary secretary, said that this interruption was the more remarkable, as Mr. Layard was backed by the interest of the British authorities. The site chosen by that gentleman was as near to Nineveh as the place where M. Botta had carried on his explorations, and quite as promising, there being still the remains of a pyramidal building, the place corresponding to the Laripa of Xenophon, and probably to the primeval city of Resen of the Old Testament.

Dr. Platé read an interesting communication upon the possible prolongation of the great line of German and Hungarian railways across Turkey as a means of speedy communication with India. The author began by pointing out the strange

error which formerly prevailed in our knowledge of the southern part of Servia and the adjoining tracts, which were believed to be rendered inaccessible by Alpine chains; while the contrary is the fact. History alone was sufficient to shew that those parts could not but be very accessible, since the great military roads of the Romans from Constantinople and Thessaloniki led right through them, namely, through Dardania and Moesia. The Goths, the Huns, the Bulgarians, and so many other barbarians, used to invade Macedonia and Thrace through Dardania; and since their forces were generally composed of horsemen, and they were encumbered by a large train of carts, cattle, women, &c., they would not have chosen a mountainous tract to move through, but a level country. In the middle ages, Dardania was the theatre of those bloody wars between the Turks and the Servians; and we know from history, that most of them were fought on level plains, with much cavalry on either side. This was especially the case with the famous battle of Kossova, where, in 1389, King Lazare Brankovich was slain, and, after the battle, Sultan Murad I. fell from the hand of the captive Milosh Kobilovich. That battle was fought on the large plain of Kossova, in the very centre of that tract which we believed to be covered with inaccessible mountains. The Doctor then mentioned the stations of the Roman roads aforesaid, and shewed the present situation and names of them; the Turks, in their wars with Austria, having always followed the same roads. It was only to Dr. Bond's recent work, "La Turquie d'Europe," that we owed a correct knowledge of the country, which is a level upland between the high Chârdagh in the west, and the Great Balkan in the east, intersected by a few low and isolated ridges which stretch from west to east. These uplands are between 1000 and 1400 feet above the sea. The most remarkable feature of them is, that they are intersected by many deep gaps, some of them very wide, in the direction from north to south, forming as many easy passages from Servia into Bulgaria, Rumilia, and Macedonia. The ascent of these gaps is so imperceptible that the traveller is not at all aware of his crossing one of the most important mountain systems (more correctly plateaux) of Turkey. The most important gap is the long and wide valley of Nissa and Sophia, through which the high-road from Belgrade to Constantinople winds, and which is like a trough encompassed by two parallel chains of mountains, those in the west being low and in their turn intersected by some of those gaps, so as to afford an easy communication with the valleys of the Strymon and the Vardar in Macedonia. Other gaps are those between Pristina and Katchanlik, in the west; between Vrana, in the upper valley of the Bulgarska Morava, and Uskub on the Vardar; between Radomir on the upper Strymon and the Nissova, an affluent of the Morava; between the valley of Sophia and the Eger Su, an eastern affluent of the Vardar, south of Kostendil, the ancient Justinian Secundum, the birth-place of the Emperor Justinian; and many others, all of them affording easy passages between Servia and Macedonia. Among the high plains, those of Kossova, Pristina, Krushevatz, Radomir, Kostendil, Uskub, Nissa, and Sophia are of considerable extent.

This country opposes no physical difficulties to the construction of railways. A railway from Saloniки, across Dardania, to Belgrade, and thence to Vienna, either through Hungary by Pesth, or through Slavonia towards Mahrburg in Styria, where it would join the Vienna and Trieste railway, would reduce the journey from Alexandria to London to one-half of the time now required *via* Trieste—that is, supposing the projected and partly-executed lines between Vienna and Cologne, Bremen, Hamburg, and Berlin be finished. The straightest line would be from Cologne along the right bank of the Rhine, by Frankfort, Würzburg, Nurnberg, Ratisbon, Passau, and Ling—all large and highly commercial towns—to Vienna, and thence, as mentioned above, to Belgrade and Saloniки. In Servia

this railway would run along the right bank of the great Morava, which flows through a wide and level plain as far as Jagodin, where it would leave the valley, on account of the defiles near that town, and go over low upland, either towards Nissa and Sophia, through the great gap mentioned above, or descending again into the valley of the Morava (here the Bulgarska Morava), would go as far as Vrana. Between Vrana and the junction of the Bulgarska Morava with the great Morava, there is only one obstacle to meet with, viz. a ridge of calcareous rocks, round the base of which flows the Bulgarska Morava, leaving only a narrow space between the river and the rock, where an inn stands which is known to travellers as the Kuri Hán, or the Harlot's Inn. It takes ten minutes to walk round that rocky projection, and it would be easy to make a tunnel across. From Vrana the line would pass, through one of the gaps aforesaid, across the level upland to Uskub on the Vardar, whence it would go south in the valley of that river as far as Gradiska. There are rocky defiles called Demir Kápú, or the iron gate, and it would be necessary to lead the road over the uplands, which are not high and of very gentle ascent. Once past Demir Kápú, the road would follow the Vardar in a level, wide, and most beautiful valley as far as the junction of the Vardar with the Aegean Sea, a few miles west of Saloniки.

The line by Nissa and Sophia could be continued to Constantinople by Adrianople, there being no serious obstacle but the ancient Porta Trajana, a narrow defile south of Ikhtimán in the Great Balkan. From Nissa or Sophia it would be easy to lead a line across some of the gaps west of those towns, which would run south of Kostendil—but not to Kostendil—and, following the valley of the Eger Su, join the Vardar a little below Uskub. The Doctor made the following calculation:—

From London to Ostend, 9 hours.
From Ostend to Saloniки, direct distance, 1280 miles; add $\frac{1}{4}$ for rounds and deviations from the straight line, or 160 miles, gives 1440 miles. Suppose 17 miles per hour, which is the average speed on the Vienna and Olmütz line, would give nearly 85 hours, or 3 days and 13 hours; but as, no doubt, a special train would be allowed for the despatch of the India mail, the distance would be performed in 24 hours, at the rate of 20 miles per hour only; and of $\frac{7}{12}$ hours at the rate of 25 miles: say 70 hours.

From Saloniки to Alexandria, 770 miles steaming, at the average of 11 miles per hour, 70 hours: say 3 days. Whole distance from London to Alexandria performed in either 6 days 23 hours, 6 days 9 hours, or 5 days 18½ hours.

The Doctor thought a line could be constructed from Saloniки to Athens. He had no doubt on the subject, but had not studied the question sufficiently to bring it before the society. He was not afraid of the Thermopylae, which he called a bugbear; they are formed by a ridge of hill stretching towards the sea, and leaving only a narrow passage between the rocks and the water, which is here rather a swamp than a sea. He thought Mount Oeta would offer difficulties. If such line were constructed, London would be still nearer to Alexandria.

The direct distance from Saloniки to Athens is 225 miles, and the length of the railway, including the windings, would be 287 miles, which, at 17 miles an hour, would take 16½ hours; at 20 miles, 14½ hours; and at 25 miles, 11½ hours.

Whole distance from Saloniки to Alexandria *via* Athens in either 2 days 23½ hours, 2 days 19½ hours, or 3 days 17½ hours.

Whole distance from London to Alexandria, *via* Saloniки and Athens, in either 6 days 21½ hours, 6 days 6½ hours, or 5 days 13 hours.

A permanent and speedy communication with India, it need hardly be said, was a vital question for this country. The great jealousy shewn by France against the passage made by Trieste instead of Marseilles betrayed her motives in affording her aid to the latter passage: it was more the desire to be enabled to prevent a quick communication, in case of necessity, than to afford it: she wanted to make herself master of this communica-

* This is a very curious fact, and we should think but little known.—*Ed. L. G.*

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tion. By the German lines continued through Turkey this country would always be sure of having that quick and solid communication. There was a greater chance of being involved in a war with France than with Germany, the old ally of England. Suppose a war between these old allies, on one side, and the French on the other; if the French should take the left bank of the Rhine and Belgium, but the strong fortress of Cologne still holding out, the Indian mail would be despatched by Rotterdam, whence a line is in execution upon Cologne; if they should take the whole line of the Rhine, and Holland also, the mail would be despatched by Bremen or Hamburg, places which will be connected with Vienna in a few years. If Belgium and Holland were the allies of France, the same course would be adopted, and the loss of time would not be great. There are no physical difficulties that prevent the construction of a line through Turkey—spoke only of the scientific possibility. This society was a learned society, and no political society: at any other place the Doctor would be glad to speak of those political difficulties.

The paper was illustrated by maps carefully executed.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENCLAVE WEEK.—

Monday.—Chemical, 8 P.M.; Entomological, 8 P.M.; Medical and Chirurgical (anniversary meeting), 4 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—British Archaeological (anniversary meeting), 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8 P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

In our first notice of this Gallery we remarked on the unfairness of comparing such annual productions with the collections of approved old masters, embalmed by time; but still doing justice to the merits of a due proportion of the present gallery, which would entitle them to like preservation and admiration for the future. And there is also another point of view in which our native modern exhibitions may be yet more favourably considered: it is by contrasting them with many of the sales of old pictures with high-sounding names attached to them. For if they fail in rivalling choice selections, they unquestionably gain in character when referred to such antiquities; scarcely one in fifty of which is worth hanging against the poorest wall, and about an equal number being ascribed to artists by whom they were never seen. The instances of this are so common that the rare exceptions establish the rule; and the ludicrous march up to works of the highest pretensions to find only execrable daubs is too universal to be any longer laughed at.

No. 83. "The Temptation," A. Johnstone, is a story sweetly told by two youthful figures, the one male, and the other (it may be supposed) female. In reading it, the temptation seems to be mutual, and dangerous on both sides; though the sentiment in the expression of the girl is by far the deepest. The sombre tone of colouring, her countenance in half-shadow, and the congenial relief of her silk dress, not too bright, render this group extremely pleasing both in conception and execution.

No. 184. —, R. Morrison.—A successful and popular painter generally rallies a sort of school about him, who adopt his style and court approbation by similar performances. In this way Mr. Frith seems to have set an example to a considerable number of the youthful aspirants in this gallery, and among these to the clever doer of this nameless young lady. It is better to go to the School of Nature than to that of any of her imitators, however excellent; but Mr. Morrison has made a tasteful and clever *début*. If we are not

mistaken, he belongs to the family so distinguished in Chinese literature; and if so, we could wish him to turn his English talents to portray some of the pictorial features of that Celestial Empire with which he must be well acquainted.

No. 186. "A Pleasant Dream." T. Brooks.—Somewhat in the same manner; with a little more of the *volute* in its down-bed composition.

No. 201. "Love in the Highlands." A. Fraser, slightly noticed before, is a rather common Scotch subject, painted with the artist's usual fidelity and skill. The lovers at the window are well engaged—she rather too pretty in complexion; but the girl at the fire, with the accessories, is capital; and the old woman entering with a bundle of sticks, a good balance to the young pair on the other side, beginning, whereas she is ending.

No. 202. "The Brae-side." W. Simson.—The best piece of colour which the artist has in the rooms. It is a charming little bit, and a pet for the parlour chimney-piece.

No. 222. "The Vale of the Wharfe." H. Bright.—A placid scene, with various distances of calm rural beauty, all sweetly disposed and naturally painted. There is a softness about it which we find particularly agreeable.

No. 228. "Kate Kearney." C. Baxter.—Though hung close above Etty's "Bather," with the huge humerus, and rather want of corresponding rotundity below, this is a veritable Kate Kearney, plump, provoking, and healthful. The line quoted from her from the song in Scotch, and not the original Hiberno-English.

No. 245. "The Bay of Palermo"—W. Scrope—before alluded to, occupies a distinguished place on the line, but appears to be somewhat muddily for its position. It is a large landscape, composed of almost every fine feature which can belong to that species of art, and might have been more effective.

No. 249. "Fruit." G. Lance.—We have (as in other cases) already mentioned the exquisite fruit-pieces of Mr. Lance. As a perfect whole, with its grapes and peaches mellowed to the utmost, this small picture may be deemed one of his completest specimens.

No. 250. "Flowers." Miss M. A. Parris.—We rejoice to see the name to so elegant a production, and not the only instance in these rooms of the hereditary descent of genius.

No. 330. (*ex. gr.*)—A subject from Kenilworth, cleverly treated and full of promise. By C. H. Stanley, jun. He is, we believe, the son of the landscape painter, whose works help to adorn the same institution; and, to judge by this production, he will not discredit his name.

No. 268. "The Gulf of Spezia." G. E. Hering.—We cannot reconcile ourselves to the central blue expanse in this piece, with hardly a shade of difference in the intensity between the near and distant shore, and the outline so sharply cut. In other parts there is much good painting.

No. 273. "The Watering-place." C. Hancock.—Exceedingly clever portraits of cattle, but disposed in so singular a manner that we would like to cut the canvas into three or four separate pictures, and be well satisfied with any one of them. The group on the hill, that on the left foreground, and that at the trough, would each make a desirable possession.

No. 204. "Christ and his Disciples at Emmaus"—T. M. Joy—ought to be noticed for its size and subject, though we do not think the artist fortunate in its treatment. The heads want dignity, and the whole is poorly conceived; which we the more regret, as it is one of the few attempts at the highest style of art.

No. 282. "Scene from Undine." W. Rimer.—A shadowy representation of a mysterious *dénouement* of supernatural origin. There is a good deal of invention in the many characters, and some of them are executed with much ability.

No. 278. "Vessels off the Thames." W. A. Knell.—Previously mentioned, *inter alia* (p. 183),

as of high promise, and therefore well deserving of this more distinct note.

No. 360. "Snowdon." J. B. Pyne.—A delicious sunset, tinging the summit of the chief of Welsh mountains. The effect both above and below is as true as it is beautiful. The rosee tints, devoid of warmth, remind us of our ascent of that giant-hill; touching which, we sought information from a hosier in Caernarvon, who, instead of indicating the best paths, said in answer, "You had better buy this wrapper for your neck, and a Welsh nightcap for your head; for," said he (with a sort of selling shiver), "Snowdon's colt!"

The Installation of the Nabob of the Carnatic at Madras in 1842. By F. C. Lewis.

This is one of the most elaborate of grand Oriental ceremonials; and presents above seventy portraits of eminent English and Indian individuals who "assisted" on the occasion. It is a finely disposed and painted picture, doing great honour to the young artist and the arts at Madras; whilst its engraving by his father at home is another striking proof of the talent which ranks him so high in his profession. We can hardly imagine any production of the kind likely to be more popular in our Eastern empire; and we fear that there may be an added interest every where, in consequence of the dangers and losses of many who may have figured in this splendid spectacle.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, 24th Feb., 1846.

DEAR SIR,—Winter is so mild and so much like spring, that I am now writing in the open air, on the terrace of the *Cesel des Arts*, at the very hour when the amiable youth of whom the club is composed come to see the *boeuf gras* pass on the Boulevards. This interesting animal is christened Dagobert, the name of one of our first French kings—that jolly good king who, according to song, sometimes put on his inexpressibles wrong side out:

"Le bon Roi Dagobert
 A mis sa culotte à l'envers,
 Le grand St. Eloï
 Lui dit : O mon Roi,
 Votre majesté
 Est mal culotté," &c. &c.

Everybody in France sings this burlesque poem, and I trust that one of these days I shall see it in your Archaeological Album, with a learned commentary of Mr. T. Wright, and drawings by Fairholt.

En attendant the realisation of this natural desire, I must tell you that the cornuted Dagobert of this year, superb monument of fat and sinew, has been playing tricks, with a *vengeance*, on his owner, who, as you may anticipate, is ready to pay him off tomorrow.

It was intended, for the sake of varying the programme of the *cortège*, to carry this prize ox on a car instead of harnessing him to it. A *caleche ad hoc* was prepared. The strength of the vehicle had been tested with the weight of heaven knows how many thousand kilogrammes of large stone; but, alas! at the last experiment, when H. M. Dagobert tried in *propridé personé* the solidity of his future *carrosse-patras*! springs broke, and the whole machine instantly shivered and fell to pieces. It was therefore compulsory to resume the old custom. The retrograding party, the *Tories* on this side of the water, may extract therefrom many a good argument in favour of Conservative doctrines.

Pardon me these details of the shambles. I trust for forgiveness to the good-nature of John Bull.

The literary novelties of the week are limited to two volumes. One is entitled "Contemporary Poets of Germany." It is a collection of biographical notices, a few of which only are substantial, and sufficiently developed seriously to interest the lovers of foreign literature. The author (M. N. Martin) has interspersed them with sundry elegant extracts, which give the work a sort of *anthological* character,

Of these quotations, a few are translated in prose, and these are uncontestedly the best; those in verse excite but slight interest. M. N. Martin does not possess all the requisite qualities, as a poet, to constitute himself the successful interpreter of the modern German muse—the most vague, the most capricious, the most mystical (*insaisissable*) of all. The volume, however, has a real interest. This, with some articles in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, from the pen of M. St. René Faillandier and of M. Henri Blaze, is all we, strangers to the trans-Rhenish language, have to initiate us to an acquaintance with Goethe's successors. Among these many are worth knowing: Uhland, Müller, Henry Heine, Zedlitz, Hoffmann de Fallerealeben, Freiligrath, and many others who, in one form or another, have contrived to throw some life, some spirit, into those peaceful and learned regions of contemporary Germany—that country of which M. Michelet has felicitously said, “Tis China in Europe.”

The other volume I mentioned is the first of a series announced by MM. Didot, Frères, which will be exceedingly curious. These publishers conceived the idea of compiling a summary of, or extracts from, all the memoirs relating to the history of French society in the eighteenth century. M. François Barrière, editor of the *Journal des Débats*, has undertaken the work. He ushers it in by the complete reimpresion of the memoirs of Madame de Staél-Delaunay (not to be confounded with Madame de Staél-Holstein), who was one of the most spirited and witty women of that spirited and witty epoch. Her narrative, thoroughly personal, is marked by the most surprising candour; and, reading it, you would imagine had before you the complete history of her failures and victories. However, she herself has said of this picture, so little edifying, “The likeness is faithful enough, but I have painted myself *en buste*.” I own that few would feel tempted to see her “full-length,” after the sample, quite sufficient of itself, of the licentious manners to whose influence she was subjected; and the bold metaphor she has used reminds us of the famous line in Horace:

“Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne.”

Madame de Staél would be much less seducing without the reservations which her good taste has dictated. The Duchess of Orleans, mother of the regent Philip, whose memoirs are given next in order, was one of the women the most disgraced in the court of Louis XIV: she avows it openly, and begins by rendering herself ample and rigorous justice on this point; but after having, as we say vulgarly, *fait son paquet*, she does not spare that of others. Princesses, young and old, all have their *paquet* settled. Madame de Maintenon is never designated otherwise than as “the old Maintenon and her clique” (her *tail* would not convey adequately the entire insult of this locution). The Duchess of Bourgogne, wife of the Second Dauphin, who in Madame de Sevigné's letters appears to us so gay, so pretty, so full of grace, is instantly changed by the pen of the dreaded German writer into a little woman—haughty, capricious, and (shall we aver this?) particularly dirty. The Duchess of Orleans affirms that this princess caused to be brought to her one day in the very chamber of the king a certain remedy generally taken privately. The maid who had to administer this remedy crept on all fours behind a screen; the young duchess joined her quite unconcernedly, and when she returned to her place at the card-table of the king—the trick was done. But I firmly believe it is the abominable invention of an ugly woman. An extract from the memoirs of the Marquis d'Argenson, and some passages selected from the 20 volumes of the Duc de St. Simon complete the first volume of the series. The editor, Barrière, announces as coming subsequently to these the Mémoirs of Madame de Hausset, *femme de chambre* to Madame de Pompadour; those of Duclos, of Marmonet, of Rivarol, of Madame Roland, and of

many others whose names do not occur to me just now.

The space you allow me would not suffice, were I to chronicle accurately all our fêtes. As usual, next to the *soirées* of M. de Rothschild, the parties most sought after are those of Madame de Pontalba, of M. Pozzo di Borgo, of the Duchess de Galliera, and Madame de Behague; Mr. Hope, your compatriot, gives *bals* most remarkable, in so far as he admits none but pretty *dansesuses*. This is appreciating the poetry of these kinds of reunions. In the last court-spectacle Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi, in the ballet of the *Diable à Quatre*, won the honours of the evening: Louis Philippe himself gave every moment the signal for applause. I happened to overhear a dialogue between his majesty and a member of the chamber of deputies; which I shall give you textually, without addition, or any interpolation whatever. “Did you find the evening a pleasant one?” said his majesty. “Impossible to be more so, sire,” retorted the other, with bow.—“I, too, have been much amused,” answered the monarch—“the only misfortune is, that this soirée should be the last.” And he walked out before us without adding a syllable. These simple words, perhaps, translated into vulgar tongue by some great diplomatis, might yield us on the political future of Europe some precious information.

In the way of other news I see nothing that I can well narrate save the duel of a *Feuilletoniste* (*Pierre Durand du Siècle*, commonly called Eugène Guinet). Pierre Durand had spoken slightly of an actress of the *Variétés*, who, having left the stage, is now on the point of becoming Baroness de V. The noble bridegroom considered this a fit subject for a legal squabble, and forthwith summoned before the Police Correctionnelle our indiscreet chronicler. Shocked at this proceeding, Pierre Durand, in a second article, renewed still more bitterly his malevolent insinuations. On this the relations of the young actress took up arms in her behalf. Amongst them was (how I do not undertake to explain) an ex-deputy, M. C—y, who evinced in this matter all the ardour of fraternal indignation. He caused the complaint pending before the Judges to be withdrawn, in virtue of the legal axiom *non bis in idem*, and called out the journalist, twice guilty. The duel took place in the Bois de Boulogne, in accordance with the rules of chivalry. After twenty minutes combat with swords, the seconds declared that the two champions, equally valorous, had satisfied honour on all points, and that the conflict could not be carried further. At this juncture M. Eugène spoke, and declared that he never intended to insult M. C—y or his family, and all was arranged. Tell me, if you can make a shrewd guess, in what this chivalric encounter has benefited Mdlle. V. (the actress in question), and if the Baron de V. who marries her has good grounds to be quite satisfied.

The Porte St. Martin has revived *Ruy-Blas*, of Victor Hugo. This drama, whose plot is similar to that of Lytton Bulwer's *Lady of Lyons*, secures always a certain degree of success, thanks to the energetic talent of Frédéric Lemaitre—the only tragedian of standing whom we have at present.

At the Gymnase they have played a vaudeville in two acts of M. M. Bayard et Lay. This play was written for the reappearance of Bressan, a young actor who formerly gave much promise, and whom Russia, as is usual with her, seduced away from us, as she has since seduced Mdlle. Plessy (now Madame Arnould). The fugitive returned to us in consequence of ill health, brought on by the hardships of a northern climate, is a *jeune premier* of elegant and sober manners, the only actor I have seen who could look or act the part of a grand seigneur, or prince of the blood. He has achieved in *Georges et Maurice* (the title of the vaudeville just mentioned) a success which is the more flattering as the piece itself is stamped with mediocrities.

The *Enfant du Carnaval*, played at the Palais

Royal, is a burletta which, did it cross the Channel, would have the advantage of making you acquainted with a type essentially Parisian, that of the *chocard*, of the *balochard*, of the *chaloupeur*, of the *flambard*, all hybrid words unknown in the language of grammarians and vocabularies. These designate that light-hearted child of Paris, whose life passes amid delirious raptures, frenzied dances; unheard of inventions to live, sing, drink, dance, smoke, and flirt with beauty from morning till night. Levassor, who methinks has sometimes acted at the French plays in London, is admirably fitted to personate this eccentric character, whom he realises in his slender appearance, his quick and quizzical eye, his active limbs, and his voice clouded by the use of strong liquors. Levassor, who also sings in private parties, has introduced in these a novel kind of *chansonnette*. The fables of Lafontaine, divided into stanzas and translated into Parisian slang, are sung by him to tunes which are indeed a degree beyond the popular. Theodore Hook never imagined anything more amusing than this queer amalgamation.

[From our occasional Correspondent.]

Paris, Feb. 23, 1846.

Le joyeux charpentier
Ain't bien à s'égayer;
L'dimanche il se fait beau,
Pour se payer du veau.
Quand il a de l'argent,
Monte à Menilmontant,
Pour manger du bifteck
Des pommes de terre avec !

THERE! There's poetry for you! Isn't it sublime? Ah! none but one of the innumerable tribe of the *grands poëtes* of the fair land of France could pour forth such inspired words. They do honour alike to his head, his heart, and his genius. They are, as they deserve, nightly applauded by thousands at the Théâtre de la Gaîté; and are destined, no doubt, to be transplanted, with the murderous, bloody, virtuous, vicious, lovesick, sentimental, twaddling melodrama, in which they appear to the English stage. And truly do they merit the honour, for I defy any English dramatist to equal them. It is such brilliant flights of genius that make the French drama so superior to yours, that your authors dare not even think of writing an original piece; all must come from the French.

David the composer, who made so much noise some time ago, has lately arrived in Paris; and intends shortly to bring out a new work, entitled *Moses at Sinai*.

The population of Paris is 912,035 persons; 34,396,800 square metres are occupied by the capital, which possesses 42,000 houses, 1922 public ways, 59 barrières, 46 roads called *de ronde*, 37 quays, 20 boulevards, 37 avenues, 133 places, 37 bridges, 105 courts or “cities” cloisters, &c., 9 palaces, 23 remarkable edifices, 6 public gardens, 4 triumphal arches, 5 columns, 1 obelisk 33 libraries, 13 museums, 28 monumental fountains, 38 churches, 23 convents, 26 hospitals, 4 equestrian statues, 24 theatres, and 39 barracks.

Montholon's account of the captivity at St. Helena is still being published in batches by one of the daily newspapers. It excites, upon the whole, little attention; and it is remarkable that many of the persons particularly mentioned in it, or their friends for them, have protested against its correctness. The work falls immensely short of what was expected from it; and one of its greatest defects is, that it contains nothing new—not even the calumnies on Sir Hudson Lowe and the English ministers.—[We anticipated these remarks in our review. See *L. G.*, No. 1517.]

There are 26 daily Newspapers published in this city, possessing altogether about 140,000 subscribers. In this number the *Journal des Débats*, *Le Constitutionnel*, *La Presse*, and *Le Siècle*, figure for 100,000, and *L'Époque* for 20,000. Consequently the remaining 21 have only 20,000 subscribers among them, or about 950 each. An impression of 140,000 copies struck off daily far exceeds

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that of the London daily journals; but I don't think that it would be just to assume that they have so many readers as your newspapers have. There are certainly in France an immense number of *cabinets de lecture*, and *cafés*, which are much frequented for the perusal of newspapers; but I repeat that the journals, generally speaking, do not pass through any thing like the same number of hands as yours do. And even of those who do read them, one half do not care a fig about them as *newspapers*; that is, they never look at their political or general news, but content themselves with the romances that figure in the *feuilleton* department; a description of literary matter which your newspapers disdain. In fact, if the Parisian journals were to be deprived of their tales and romances, and *feuilleton* articles, one half of them, if not more, would, I am confident, cease to exist. Even the *Journal des Débats* itself, a great political organ, and one of the ablest and most distinguished newspapers in the world, would fall from its high estate, if it were to deprive its readers of two or three columns of light reading per diem. So convinced are the newspapers that as mere newspapers their decline would be inevitable, that they are compelled, in addition to the tales and romances which figure every day in their *feuilletons*, to offer what they call *primes* to their subscribers, which consist of popular novels or tales, or other literary works. Does not all this prove that the French, speaking generally, take very little interest indeed in political matters? And be it remembered, that in Paris there are no weekly newspapers except such as are devoted to particular interests—railways, agriculture, and such-like; that the labouring classes have not, like yours, their Sunday broadsheets, containing an epitome of all the news of all the world, with political articles written specially for them. Another proof—is it not?—that politics are really and truly not much heeded by the great mass of the people in this country. And what is the consequence of this? Why, that the French are disgracefully ignorant of all that is passing in the world; and that the English are immensely their superiors in general information and intelligence. Of course, I am not alluding to the educated classes of France; for they are every whit as intelligent and well read as the same classes in England; but I refer to the mass, to the crowd, to the nation, to ninety-nine out of every hundred shopkeepers, clerks, and such people, and to nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand artisans and labourers.

The poor Carnival is pretty near its last end : on Wednesday night, or rather on Thursday morning, it will have to give up the ghost for the present; it has "fallen, fallen, fallen, from its high estate," to a very pitiable position indeed. Its masked balls, it is true, still maintain their ground; but even they are but the spectres of what they once were: no longer frequented by women of character and men of station, but the haunt of the dissolute among men, and the most degraded of the sex. Its promenades of the *beau gris*, too, it still possesses: but they are sad affairs, lugubrious pageants, foolish, silly, and contemptible as a 1st of May London festival. For all the rest, the Carnival is on its last legs. The time is drawing nigh in which it will exist no more—in which its very name will be all that will prove that it once lived. Its mummers and maskers in the streets are now confined to some half dozen bedizened men, making desperate efforts to be funny; its blowers of cow-horns and bugles economise their wind; its carriers of blazing torches leave to the moon and the gas-lamps the task of lighting the earth: it has become solemn, dumpish, dull; all its frolic has departed; as Mr. George Robins would say, it is going—going—and will soon be gone.

ORIGINAL,

AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

CONSTABULARY POLICE, OLD AND NEW.

"TEMPORA mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis," is

as true of police as of politics. Some oldish persons remember the London *Charlies*, miscalled Watch-men, who immediately preceded the smart uniformed body now enlisted to keep order in the streets and protect property in the houses. But who knows any thing about the constables of a hundred and fifty years ago, about the close of the 17th century? They belong to black-letter times: they are of antiquity enough for resurrection in the Archaeological Association—that is, to be described, but not laid on the table. We picked up the other day a little volume, purporting to be an eighth edition of "A Guide" for these worthies, "and are to be sold by most Booksellers," in scanning which we fell upon sundry things more new and amusing to us than the older accounts of Saxon and Norman fiscalism and conservation of good manners, *alias* keeping the peace. A few of the particulars may, perhaps, in like manner amuse our readers. The purport of the book is declared to be "briefly to shew the extent and latitude of the offices of constables, churchwardens, overseers of the poor, &c. &c., and their duties in regard to burying in woollen, collecting the maintenance of ministers in London, supervising the pavements, sewers, and *Dreins*, and prohibiting French goods!"

The author or editor, Mr. Meriton, sets out by a candid confession that his preceding editions are "now but a blind guide," in consequence of old acts of parliament having expired, and new acts been passed: and he then lectures the constables, by way of preface, on the large extent of their office and how little skill or knowledge many of them have. He next informs them what they have to do against Riots and Routs, tobacco-planting, and also touching bastards, &c. But his first grand point is the grand origin of their name, which he tells them is compounded of two old Saxon words, *Cuning* or *Kininge* which signifies King, and *Stable* (which) signifieth stability, and shews that they are the stability or stay of the king and kingdom.*

It is evident, from part of their instructions, that they were not to consider all ranks as alike in the eye of the law, and treat them accordingly; for in affrays, or where they observe persons in a fury ready to break the peace, they may commit the offender to the stocks, or to some other safe custody for the present, as the quality of the person requireth—a wide discretion, of which, we doubt not, our gentlemanly great-grandpas who got into scrapes (and they drank pretty hard in these days) very frequently reaped the benefit; whilst poorer rioters cooled themselves in the wooden convenience which provided for both their legs and a seat to boot.

On the eve of Free-trade and terrifying tariffs, the following picture of the blind protecting folly of our ancestors is rather entertaining :

"The constables, upon warrant to them directed from the justices of peace, or chief officers of the cities, towns corporate, &c., are to search, within their respective counties, cities, towns, &c., in the shops being open, warehouses, and dwelling-houses of such person or persons who shall be suspected to have any foreign bone-laces, cut-works, imbroderies, fringes, bandstrings, buttons, or needle-works made of thred, silk, or any or either of them, made in the parts beyond the seas, and where they find any such to seize the same, 14 Car. 2 ch. 13. No French wine, vinegar, brandy, linen-cloth, silks, salt, paper, or any manufactures made of or mixed with silk, thred, wool, hair, gold or silver, or leather, being of the product or manufacture of any the dominions of the French king, shall after the 20th March, 1677, during the term of three years, or before the end of the first session of parliament next after the expiration of the said three years, to be imported into England, Wales, or town of Berwick, or Isle of Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney,

* The title was brought in by the *Normans*; but its origin is lost in dark antiquity, whether Gaulish or Frankish. No Saxon words, we believe, end in *le*. They are derived from the Latin.—Ed. L. G.

Sark, or Isle of Man, mixt or unmixt with any commodity of the product of any other country: such importation and vending the said commodities imported contrary to this act, being by the said act declared a common nuisance: and such goods are to be seized, and carried into his majesties warehouse, and the vessel stayed till search can be made: and an information shall be the next term, or sooner exhibited into the Kings Bench or Exchequer; and if the jury find that they are French goods, judgment shall be, that the wines and brandy shall be staved and spilt upon the ground, and the other commodities publicly burnt and destroyed."

So much for French wares; but now for "Irish Cattel," respecting which, "if any great cattel, sheep, or swine, or any beef, pork, or bacon, shall in any wise be imported from Ireland, or any other part beyond the sea, into the kingdom of England, dominion of Wales, &c., it is forfeited one half to the use of the poor of the parish where found and seized, and the other part to the seizers. Six hundred head annually of the breed of the Isle of Man, and none other, are allowed to be imported from that island into Chester, and not elsewhere." And a genuine Irish bull is passed among these cattle-laws, viz. "English or other Cattel intermixt with Irish Cattel shall be deemed Irish in all respects!" 32 Car. II. ch. 2.

The following in the chapter "about Escapes and Arrests" seems to have been studied from the grave-diggers crowners' quest law in Hamlet:

"If the constable, or other officer, shall voluntarily suffer a thief, being in his custody, to go into the water, and drown himself, this escape is felony in the constable, and the drowning makes the thief *felo de se*; but if the thief shall suddenly (without the assent of the constable) kill, hang, or drown himself, this is then but an negligent escape in the constable."

Every body knows about impressing for the navy, but impressing for the harvest will probably be new to most readers. But we learn that by the 5th of Elizabeth, "the constable in the time of hay and corn-harvest, upon the request to him made by any man who wants labourers, for the avoiding of the loss of corn, grain, and hay, may cause all such artificers as he shall see meet to labour, to serve by the day for mowing, reaping, or otherwise, for the getting in of corn or hay abroad, according as they see them fit and able to perform; and if such persons shall refuse to work after they are requested thereto by the constable, the constable may then set them in the stocks by the space of two days and one night; and if the constable neglect to perform his office, he forfeits forty shillings."

The labourer, too, must have a testimonial on going away; for without such a document any other farmer employing him is liable to penalty of five pounds, and the defaulter to be imprisoned, or, if he shew a false one, whipped and "used as a vagabond," which was not pleasant in those days, however agreeable and superior in accommodation to workhouses jails have since been made.

In respect to their beer our forefathers were justly fastidious, and they took great pains to have it genuine. We have lost all hopes of such a beverage, and are horribly abused by deceitful malts, which were heavily denounced in every locality:

"Now these deceitful malts are of three sorts, to wit, such as are not well made, and that is where barley malt hath not in the making thereof in the fat, floor, steeping, and drying thereof, three weeks at the least, except it be in the months of June, July, and August, and in those months it must have seventeen days; for under such time it cannot be well made nor wholesome. 2 E. 6. ch. 10. Dalt. J. P. ch. 33. fol. 87. Secondly, no malt ought to be put to sale, unless before the sale thereof, by treading, rubbing, and fanning it, they take out of every quarter half a peck of dust, or more, on pain to forfeit 20d. for every quarter otherwise sold, to be divided between the king and the prosecutor."

Among the duties of constables and other officers about London and seven miles round, they were bound to be aiding and assisting the president of the Colledge of Physicians, and all persons authorised by the colledge, in the execution of their laws and statutes — what they were which could need such alliance and enforcement it would now be difficult to say, unless it were to oblige obstinate children to take their physic. Then beggars were far more severely treated than now; for "the constable, headborough, or tything-man, assisted by the minister and one other of the parish, is to see (or do it himself) rogues and vagabonds, which shall be taken begging, stripped naked from the middle upwards, and openly whipped till their body be bloody, and then forthwith to be sent away from constable to constable the next straight way to the place of their birth, and if that cannot be known, then to the place where they last dwelt by the space of one whole year before such punishment; and if that cannot be known, then to the town through which they last passed unpunished." And alas for the classification! "All persons above the age of seven years, man or woman, sole or covert, that wander from their usual place of abode abroad every where begging; or if they do not beg, yet if they wander and loiter abroad without a lawful pass-port, and give no good reason for their travel, are accounted rogues: all scholars and seafaring men which beg, wandering persons that use unlawful games, subtile craft, or plays, or pretending themselves to have skill in physiognomy, palmistry, or the like, or to be fortune-tellers; all proctors, patent-gatherers (except for fire), collectors for goals, prisoners, or hospitals, wandering abroad, fencers, bearwards, common players of enterludes, and fiddlers or minstrels wandering abroad, all juglers, tinkers, pedlers, and petty chapmen, and glass-men wandering abroad, especially if they be not well known, or have not a sufficient testimonial; all counterfeit Egyptians, not being felons; all persons delivered out of goals, which beg for their fees, or otherwise do travel begging, such as go to or from the baths, and do not pursue their licence; soldiers and mariners that beg, and counterfeit a certificate of their commanders; all labourers which wander abroad out of the parish, and refuse to work for wages reasonably taxed; having no living otherwise to maintain themselves, and such as go with a general pass-port which is not directed from parish to parish; all these are accounted rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars."

How perilous in those good old times for scholars, soldiers, mariners, proctors, &c., to walk beyond the bounds of their own parishes! But we have done; and dare not, if we have done badly, beg our readers' pardon, lest we should come within the foregoing category, and suffer accordingly.

Dramatic Chapters.

CHAPTER III.

ELLEN, Wife of COLONEL DULMONT.

ADOLPHUS, her Son, aged seven years.

HANNAH, an old and faithful Domestic.

SCENE — An Apartment, near the Garrison.

Ellen. Well, Hannah, he is here, and safe at last; But grant him no such liberty again,

To cross the river from the garrison.

You shall have neither boat nor spear, young sir,

If you attempt such silly risks again.

Adolphus. But oh, I must, mamma, must have my spear;

My father said that I might have my spear;

When I'm a man, I am to be a soldier.

Hannah. First be a man, a soldier afterwards;

But, boy, use manhood better than thy sire.

Adol. What that you say, nurse?

Ellen. Hark, hark! the troops are marching by the door;

Go out, and watch; 'tis fine to see them march!

[Exit ADOLPHUS.]

Your faithfulness, my Hannah, warrants much;

And I o'erlook the heat and hastiness

Which are the flaws of your incautious seal:

Say, was it well to speak before the boy?

A single seed implanted in his mind

May grow to flower, and sweeten his young life,

* Scholars, however, were included with reference to the custom in old English times of "Scholars" who went about begging for money to keep themselves at school.

Ed. L. G.

Or turn to weed, and poison all his days.
He should learn nothing ill against his sire:
He will learn nothing, if thou lov'st his mother.

Han. My honoured lady—oh, oftimes my heart

Seems as 'twould speak or burst.

Your haughty lord

Is all unworthy this uneasiness care
To screen his conduct: this most useless heed.

His acts are tongues, which, could you stay men's mouths,

Would speak themselves, without or mouth or tongue.

Lady, I'm growing grey in servitude;

These arms so oft have nursed you at my breast

When you were motherless, that I forget

At times my station. Oh, 'tis bitter, lady,

To nurse the infant you must not call child;

To have a mother's love, yet feel that you

Are but a vassal in that child's esteem!

Yet of a good and honest race I come,

Not newly born nor bred—

Ellen. Alas too hot; but 'tis thy over zeal—

A failing of thy temper, not thy truth.

Therefore no man, you fill mine ears with tales,

My mind with doubts, my heart with misery,

And then urge *faithfulness* in brief excuse.

If Dolmont loves me now, he loved me once;

If he's indifferent, haply twas my fault;

If harsh and cold, whereof his faults be hid

But in the bosom of his truthful wife?

It may not be that *he* is all to blame;

I have a hundred faults, which being slight

I am too serious, silent, spiritless,

For one enamoured of society.

Ellen. His gaiety—

Han. Would it were gaiety, and nothing more!

Ellen. Of what dare any one accuse him more?

Han. Men speak to one another what they ne'er

Dream of proclaiming to an injured wife,

None, save a creature *over-much* for prudence,

Would let her tongue put *place* in jeopardy.

I list the things which gain no entrance here,

Things that would pain thy cheek with blushing scorn;

They husband wrongs there!

[ELLEN starts, but expresses dissent.

Nay, 'tis even said

He meditates a marriage with another.

Ellen. 'Tis false! impossible! but now I see

Thou art resolved indeed to drive me mad!

[Walking agitatedly.

Han. He owns no rite, acknowledges no priest;

Nay, even *sow*, woo's one into the toll

Through which he lured thine unsuspecting truth!

But he must hire some other knavish priest,

He who wed *thee* is dead!

Ellen. Dead! the priest who wed us, dead!

Denies his marriage?—*Wed, dost thou say?*

Then what am I? and what, oh, Heaven! my child?

Han. I spoke to *rouse*, not sink thy nature thus:

I bring thee truth, put in its boldest shape,

To stir thee into action,—thou must act!—

But ere thou act!—must hope!

Ellen. Hope?—woman's hope?—Oh, 'tis the breath of

heaven,

The iris of her being! but her fate

Is in the breath of man, and there, alas,

All things of heaven do wither and consume!

O my poor brother, should his dungeon-walls

Repeat one echo of this misery?

How will he wrench the chains which bind his limbs?

He dare not do it!—though priest be dead,

And evidence removed—he dare not do it!

I have a brother still—

Han. Would he were here!

Ellen. He will be here!—

As surely as the dead, he will be here!

Heaven hath the means to work out its intents:

I look from justice thwarted upon earth,

To Justice throned above.

[Enter ADOLPHUS, running.

My father's boat is floating by the walls,

May I run to him, mother?—may I? may I!

Ellen. To whom, my child?

Adol. My father!—I saw his boat upon the—

Why do you weep, dear mother?—I'll not go,

If going makes you weep.

Ellen. Oh, fail me not, my heart, but bear me up,

Until mine eyes may evidence his guilt;

Then break, and give me rest!—and give me rest!

[She sinks into a chair.—ADOLPHUS embracing her.—HANNAH weeping; scene closes.

CHARLES SWAIN.

MUSIC.

THE CONTRAPUNTAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

Madame Duicken's Third Soirée Musicale.

THESE musical evenings have been a great treat to those who listened to each classical production selected by this gifted musician for her audience; and the last was not the least interesting, particularly to the professors who were desirous to hear the result of Mendelssohn's new trio in c minor, and Moscheles' new grand sonata symphonique (a piano-forte duet), which were admirably performed for the first time in this country. Mendelssohn's trio

is well worthy of his fame; although, in our opinion, it is not one of his best efforts. The "allegro energico" is superior in conception to the "andante expressivo," although the latter part of the second movement displays much feeling melody. The "scherzo," like all his music in this style, is splendid, and inferior to none of his productions: the second movement of it is particularly beautiful. The "allegro appassionato" is in many points finely delineated; but there are things in it less worthy of Mendelssohn—especially the last few bars, which appeared to be added merely for the purpose of returning into the original key, which is certainly unartistic. The Germans have an excellent advantage respecting composition—unity with variety; and agreeably to this canon, Mr. Moscheles' new work abounds with elegant variety, and is at the same time an original composition; yet we regret to observe that it wants unity. The continual pauses and short musical phrases disappoint the ear; for no sooner are we pleased with one than we are disturbed. Were it not for these blemishes, it would be a grand piano-forte composition (barring Beethoven and Mozart) as any other of the greatest celebrity. The first, second, and third movements, though wanting in unity, are full of fine conceptions; and the last is a composition of the highest order. The chorale is well introduced, but less effectively brought on to the "finale," the slow movement in which is expressive and artistic.

We have no space for a minute detail of this excellently and fashionably crowded concert; but will remark, that the performance of Madame Duicken was replete with elegance, passion, and classical taste: we know of no modern performer on the piano-forte who can do more justice to every style of composition. Mr. Goffrie executed his part in second violinist in a manner which shewed that he is not yet sufficiently appreciated for his judgment and taste in the interpretation of the great masters.

Mr. H. Russell's Concerts.—Although so very often repeated, these entertainments continue to attract crowded audiences, and the performer is greeted always with the same hearty applause. Mr. Russell, who is an Englishman, and not an American, as supposed by many (and the rather from being servilely copied by an American imitator, whose close pretences are apt to mislead the public), was one of the first, if not the very first, singer who attempted the plan of entertaining an audience by his own powers alone; and it is surprising to witness the perfect success with which he does this. One of the severe school of musicians would be apt to sneer at so homely a style of music; but if we remember that the mass of people are more sensitive of the words of a song expressively uttered than of the music itself, the *rationale* of the satisfaction which these concerts afford is clear enough. However, we are not to disparage the musical pretensions of Mr. Russell's compositions. Some of his songs are very clever and pleasing, and have become very popular. The admirable manner in which he accompanies his singing lends also a great charm to the performance. In his descriptive songs, such as "The Maniac" and "The Gambler's Wife," there is much originality, and they are sung with an effect and expression peculiar to the author. The entertainments at Miss Kelly's theatre are enlivened by some very amusing nigger stories, which contribute not a little to the very agreeable amusement afforded. Many of the songs, since become so popular in England, and for the amusement of the negro boatmen, who quickly learnt to sing them in harmony; and the effect, when sung by a large number pulling up the Ohio on a still night, and keeping time to the oars, is described as very charming.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—M. Benedict's Opera, "The Crusaders," was performed for the first time on Thursday, before a most crowded house. Our time and limits do not allow us to enter upon a full description of

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BEAUTY
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You have
Wherefore
Hark!

the combination of facts, from the romantic history of the crusades and imaginary incidents from the *Gensallemme Liberata*, which forms the plot; and we regret it less, as we have more to do with the musical construction of the opera. The composer, a pupil of the admirable Weber, seems to frame his works very much upon the model of his renowned master. In the *Brides of Venice*, every one was struck with the great richness and florid character of the orchestral music, and in the opera before us there is a display of even more complete knowledge and study of the resources of the orchestra. Every accompaniment is worked up in an original and beautiful manner, often exhibiting a variety of the subject in *obligato*. In the choral music the orchestra is also made to give that breadth and massive richness of character which can only be conceived and carried out by a finished musician. Taking a general view of the work, therefore, we should say it is more characterised by the rich part-music and motives of the choruses than by melodies. The opening "Chorus of the Crusaders" is very fine music, and the kind of type or burden of the work. The song of the Crusaders, without accompaniment, is also effective, and the cavatina sung by Miss Romer, as *Alma* the Syrian girl, with the reprise and choral accompaniment of the knights, exhibits a thorough knowledge of opera-writing. Of the ballads there is not much to be said in praise; "The gifted ring" is very pretty, and was excellently sung by Harrison, but there is nothing so elegant and pleasing as "By the sad sea wave," in the *Brides of Venice*.

Of the duets, that by Borroni and Miss Rainforth is remarkably good, and was well performed, as were those for the tenors and sopranos, "Tis vengeance that can calm," and "From scenes of such distress." That for two sopranos, as a finale, although clever in construction, is not very effective, and is more remarkable for having the concluding strain in unison. The quintette at the close of the second act is a charming piece of harmony, and may be considered the most masterly composition in the opera. We must not forget to mention the chorus of female voices, "Come I thou art bidden," sung behind the scenes, the idea of which is exceedingly novel and charming. The grand chorus, too, at the end of the second act, "Tis Heaven inspires our cause," is really grand. The getting up of this opera is probably superior to anything hitherto seen on this stage. The picturesque dresses of the crusaders, mingled with the wild-looking red cloaks and white turbans of the Syrians, are excellent; and the tableaux of the "Enchantment," the "Siege," and the "Bridal" are quite a sight, although all real lovers of music wish them far enough. With regard to this excess of spectacle in operas, it appears to us that the attention of the audience should be kept to the music, and the scenic effects, whether of canvas or living pictures, should be subservient, so as to give the mind a hint merely; and such things as sieges, with near a thousand men, women, and children rushing about the stage, amidst the flight of arrows and the crashing of falling towers, would be better avoided. The simple opera *Marietta* has proved a most fruitful source to the treasury for more than fifty nights, though unadorned by trammels of this kind.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TOO EARLY FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL Spring-flowers! in the lap of Winter,
Ah, how vainly ye cast your little garlands!
Winter cares not—Winter will never love you;
Trust not the cold one.

Purest of blue may tinge the cloudless ether;
Leaves may pamp from the naked boughs untimely;
Birds e'en now may warble the early bride-lay;
List not the false ones.

Ye have a home where Winter may not harm you:
Wherefore come ye, ye too-confiding blossoms?
Hark! not yet your own Philomela calls you;
Wait ye the true one.

Early thou comest, azure Myrosotis.
What, and fearest thou the lover shall forget thee!
Thy bright blooms how many a loved one prizes!
Wait, Veronica.

Viola, come not, nor thy sister Pansy,
Shrine of tenderest thought! till Spring, returning,
Breathe her own sweet music through all the green woods,
Viola, come not.

Winter but holds you in thy fingers;
His chill frown shall descend upon your fair leaves;
Winter's smiles but gleam for the snowy Alp-peak,
Robed in its glory.

So, in a cold and selfish world, too often
Some fair spirit arises—ah, how vainly!
Comes she not like you—and like you, to perish,
Beautiful spring-flowers!

Horsham.

G. B. HOLMES.

VARIETIES.

Sir Robert Gordon's Pictures, to be sold to-day at Messrs. Christie's, are an interesting collection. Some are examples of the very old schools, some of great masters, some curious from their subjects, and some (as usual) of little esteem. A Wild Boy, by P. Veronese; the Family of Louis XIV., by Mignard; a Descent from the Cross, early German; and a satirical subject by Barbieri,—are among the curiosities: and from among the Domenichinos, Carraccis, Guidos, Guercinos, Poussins, &c., we may notice an Annunciation, by Mazzolini di Ferrara; a Head of a Sibyl, by S. Rosa; Alexander and the Family of Darius, L. Carracci; and 88, a Bergem, &c., as fine examples of Art.

John Henning, Esq.—We observe from the *Renfrewshire Advertiser*, that Mr. Henning, the artist, whose sculptures, in relief, from the Elgin marbles, and other productions of art, have raised his name to just celebrity, has enjoyed the rare triumph of being entertained as "a prophet" is seldom entertained in his own country. Revisiting Paisley, his native place, after an absence of 44 years, his townsmen and the neighbouring gentry gave him a gay public entertainment, at which the Provost Murray, the Sheriff Campbell, Professor Wilson, Mr. James Fillans, the sculptor, and other distinguished persons, took prominent parts. The whole was very honourable to the feelings of the hosts, and must have been very grateful to the guest.

The Irish Professor Kane has been knighted by the Lord Lieutenant.

The Rev. Dr. Duncan, of Ruthwell, the Founder of Savings' Banks, died at Ruthwell, Scotland, on Thursday week. He was the author of several popular works, the last and best of which is *The Seasons*. His name is also familiar to men of science, from his geographical discoveries; but it is as the founder of savings' banks that his reputation will be perpetuated in this and other lands.—*From the Glasgow Chronicle*.

Deaths in the Musical World.—The last fortnight was marked by several deaths of deep interest to members of the musical world. On Sunday week, Mrs. Braham, the wife of our still most extraordinary vocalist, died suddenly of an affection of the heart, at the early age of forty-six. We remember her a beautiful girl at her marriage; after which she became stout, and remained a remarkably fine woman to the premature close of her days. On the 18th died William Hawes, aged 61, and upwards of half a century a member of her Majesty's Chapel Royal and cathedral establishments. He was a skillful musician, and trained many an ornament (including the gifted of his own family) to the profession. And last, Mr. John Loder, of Bath, so long distinguished and so highly esteemed for his eminent talents. He was a masterly violinist, and often led the orchestras at great musical festivals, as well as the Ancient Concerts and Philharmonic Society. Mr. Hawes was the author and adapter of numerous compositions of popular celebrity, and both these gentlemen filled most respectable places in society.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.—The Construction of Fugue Illustrated in a *Panacaglia* and Twelve Fugues, by G. F. Flowers, Mus. Bac. Oxon.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Philosophy of Wealth, by J. Crawford, 2d edit. sep. 3d. —*The Practice of Surgery*, by James Miller, 12mo, 9s.—*Defects of Railway Legislation, with Suggestions for its Improvement*, by J. Morrison, M.P., 8vo, 2s.—*Cheever's Lectures on Bunyan*, post 8vo, 1s. 6d. sewed; 2s. cloth.—*Peloponnesiacæ; a Supplement to Travels in the Morea*, by W. M. Leake, 8vo, 15s.—*Literature and Superstitions of England in the Middle Ages*, by T. Wright, 8vo, 16s.—*Rev. E. Bickerstaffe's Divine Warning to the Church*, 4th edit. sep. 1s.—*Rev. W. C. Bishop's Sermons*, 12mo, 7s. 6d.—*Jordin's Remarks on Ecclesiastical History*, by the Rev. W. Trollope, 2 vols. 8vo, 20s.—*Pleasures of Poesy*, by H. W. Haynes, 12mo, 2s. 6d.—*Lieut.-Colonel Reid on the Laws of Storms*, royal 8vo, reduced to 1s. 6d.—*Manual of Field-Gardening*, 2d edit. 12mo, 5s.—*Lambert's Hand-Book of Needle-Work*, 4th edit. 12mo, 5s. 6d.—*Jowett's Last Discourse and Prayer of our Lord Jesus Christ*, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—*Wick's Scriptural Musings*, 12mo, 6s.—*Cary's Early Poets* (a Series of Notices and Translations), 12mo, 5s.—*Cary's Lives of English Poets*, from Johnson to Kirke White, 12mo, 7s. 6d.—*Mrs. Ellis's Temper and Temperament*, Vol. I. 8vo, 9s.—*Englishwoman's Family Library*, Vol. I. Mrs. Ellis' Women of England, sep. 5s.—*The Parlour Novelist*, Vol. II. sep. 2s. sewed.—*Taylor's Medical Jurisprudence*, 2d edit. sep. 12s. 6d.—*Curse Romanæ: Notes on the Epistle to the Romans*, by W. Walford, 12mo, 4s. 6d.—*Search for Nitre and the Nature of Guano*, by T. E. Eden, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—*History of the Kings and Queens of England*, in Verse, by A. Rosedale, 8vo, 2s. 6d.—*The Embassy*; an Historical Romance, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1s. 11s. 6d.—*Boggs's European Library*, Vol. V. Roscoe's Life of Leo X., Vol. II. post 8vo, 3s. 6d.—*Lenten Thoughts, and other Poems*, by James Furneaux, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—*A Practical Comment on the Ordination Services*, by the Rev. J. James, D.D., 12mo, 7s. 6d.—*The Psalter arranged for Chanting*, as used in the College of St. Columba, 8vo, 7s. 6d.—*Rev. T. Bowdler's Sermons*, Vol. II. post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shews the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1846.	h.	m.	s.	1846.	h.	m.	s.		
Feb. 28	12	12	48	7	March 4	12	11	59	4
March 1	12	37	2	5	11	45	8		
2	12	25	1	6	11	31	8		
3	12	12	5						

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SIR G. W. LEFEVRE.

In the brief notice of Sir George Lefevre in our last, two mistakes occurred: one in putting the name of "Shaw," which did not belong to him; and the other as believing him to be the anonymous author of the *Revelations of Russia*, which was the work of the author of *Eastern Europe and the Emperor Nicholas*, reviewed in a late and present No. of the *Gazette*.—On this subject a valued correspondent writes to us:—

"Sir George—though with the feelings natural to an Englishman, he might disapprove of many things he may have seen in Russia during his long residence in that empire—had too just a sense of honour to vilify a country in which he had been permitted undisturbedly to exercise his profession, and earn the competence which he returned to enjoy in his native land. The cause of the rash act by which he terminated his useful existence (for he was as able and successful in his practice as he was disinterested) is simply this. Formed by nature and education for the enjoyment of domestic felicity and the unreserved confidence of friendship, he was frustrated of both; of the former by the mental derangement of his lady (a family malady) and the death of his children, and of the latter by a long residence abroad: so that on his return to England he found very few, if any, old friends, though known to and esteemed by a large circle of professional and other acquaintances. These disappointments, preying upon a temperament of more than ordinary nervous sensibility, would often cause a great dejection of spirits, from which, however, he would as often recover. But the fatal blow to his fortitude was the knowledge quite lately acquired of an affection of the heart. He became alarmed, and magnifying the danger to himself, saw before him nothing but years of suffering unalleviated by domestic consolation and tenderness. His brain gave way."—J. R. J.

In our last No. p. 170, the first notice of new publications would be a little unintelligible from referring to a review of Sir R. Meneghan, prepared for insertion, but postponed in arranging the paper. In the same page, the Geological Report speaks of Mr. Murchison as he was on the 21st of January, the day of meeting; since when our Government has so far recognised his just title to national honours as to dub him knight—a step, we trust, to the higher rank to which his scientific labours and their foreign acknowledgment recommend him in his own country. Dr. Richardson, the distinguished Arctic traveller, has also received the honour of knighthood.

We are much obliged for the copy of the interesting table of the meteorology of Whitehaven for 1845. Its facts, observations, and reasonings, are deserving of general regard, whether they do or do not settle the question of the cause of the potato disease.

ERRATUM.—Page 180, middle col., for Marochetti, read Marochetti, as the sculptor of the equestrian statue of Bonaparte.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CURE of STAMMERING.—No. V.

"Great Berkhamsted, May 3, 1841.

"My Dear Sir.—My absence from home has prevented my making an earlier acknowledgment of the deep debt of gratitude you have entailed upon me by the valuable services you have rendered my son, Mr. Edward Du Pre, in his recovery from Stammering. I am now enabled to assure you that we were unfeignedly the fitters of his compressed and distressing articulation; you have restored him to such a perfect fluency of speech, that your consummate skill will excite the admiration and astonishment of all those who have witnessed the remarkable cure. Your skill and experience can add, in the least degree, to your present high and justly established reputation. I deem it a duty I owe to you to place the public to request that you will make whatever use you may please of this article yet sincere tribute to your skill and professional practice. That you may long and happily enjoy the blessings of health and life, to enable you to continue your meritorious and beneficial exertions in the cause of suffering humanity, is the unchanged hope of, my dear Sir, your ever obliged and grateful servant,

THOMAS DU PRE,

Rector of Willoughby, Lincolnshire, and Head Master of the Free Grammar School at Great Berkhamsted, Heris.

Mr. HUNT, 224 Regent Street.

MAUGHAM'S PATENTED CARRARA WATER.—The following is one among the many Testimonials Letters received by the Inventor of Carrara Water:

"Sir.—I have tried the Carrara Water in three cases of indigestion in which, from its composition, I inferred it would be beneficial. The satisfactory results observed in the cases in which it had been given medically quite confirm the favorable opinion you have hazarded as to its probable efficacy. There is no question of imitation in which the Patent Carrara Water has been remarkably effective.

"1. In the common form of indigestion, characterised by heartburn, thirst, foul tongue, and more or less irregularity of the bowels. I drank in small quantities, frequently repeated, and affording relief to the pain in the stomach, and other uncomfortable sensations, more effectually and quicker than any other antacid, excepting the effervescing fluid magnesia.

"2. In a form of indigestion known by the pale, flabby, and exanthematous tongue, indented laterally by the teeth, and coated with a whitish slimy fur, with accumulation of mucus in the throat, dry and parched lips, distressing thirst, with flatulence; in such case it has quickly relieved these symptoms.

"3. In the disarrangements of the stomach arising from a congested state of the mucous membrane of that organ, caused by free and convivial habits, intoxication, and other excesses of the table;—thirst, headache, &c., a fourth state of the tongue and mouth, have been most quickly relieved by the Carrara Water. It is a fact well known, that the large amount of carbonic acid dissolved in this water imparts that amount of stimulus to the mucous membrane which restores its tone and revives its secretion, and, from like cause, it is infinitely more palatable, and even when exposed to the air it does not become nauseous, after the manner of soda water.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. E. BASHAM, M.D.

"Physician to the Westminster Hospital, and Lecturer on Materia Medica, Botany, and Toxicology, at the Westminster Hospital School of Medicine.

W. Maugham, Esq."

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HANDIAN'S MOLESCILL is the most beneficial extract of oleaginous plants for maintaining the beauty and luxuriance of the Hair, having also a delightful perfume.

His Germinative Liquid is a certain specific for producing a new growth where the Hair is failing.

HENDRIE'S GOLD CREAM OF ROSES, prepared in great perfection.

IMPROVED SCOURING DROPS, for removing greasy spots from Silks.

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Lists of their Correspondents abroad, and every information, may be had on application at their Office as above.

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By order of the Board,
JOHN CHARLES IENHAM, Secretary.
London, February, 1846.

HOSPITAL for CONSUMPTION and DISEASES of the CHEST.—A Committee, consisting of the Governors of Patients in the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, and the Governors of Chelsea College. Her MAJESTY the QUEEN has signified her intention to patronise a BAZAAR in aid of the Fund for the completion of the New Hospital. The Committee have the gratification to state that the sum of £1000 will be raised for the support of Patients in June next, and the Committee have considered that this a fitting occasion to hold the Bazaar upon an extended scale.

It will, by permission of Edward Page, the governor, be held in the interesting gardens of Ranelagh, which were not open to the public in 1844, when the former most successful Bazaar was honoured by the presence of His Royal Highness the Prince Albert, after laying the foundation stone.

The Committee have the satisfaction to state that the portion of the building already completed has commanded general approbation, and they earnestly trust that public popularity will extend to the remaining portions of the structure, and so render the means of receiving patients in some degree commensurate with the extent of the malady it is designed to relieve, and the large number of demands for admission.

The Committee desire to assure the public that no expense will be spared to secure the welfare of the patients.

The Committee have the pleasure to inform their Patrons that several royal, noble, and distinguished personages have already expressed their intention to become Patrons:—

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Norfolk.

Her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland.

Her Grace the Duchess of Richmond.

Her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch.

Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland.

The Duke of Wellington, Duke of Wellington's Bazaar.

The Most Noble the Marchioness of Westmeath.

The Most Noble the Marchioness of Thomond.

The Most Noble the Marchioness of Aylebury.

The Most Noble the Marchioness of Westminster.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Blessington.

The Right Hon. the Countess of Jersey.

The Right Hon. the Countess-Dowager of Ashburnham.

The Right Hon. the Countess of Clarendon.

The Right Hon. the Countess of Huntingdon.

The Right Hon. the Countess of St. Germans.

The Right Hon. the Countess of Elgin.

The Right Hon. the Countess of Kilkenny.

Lady Charles Fitzroy.

The Right Hon. Viscountess Jocelyn.

Lady Emily Bruce.

The Right Hon. Viscountess Canning.

The Right Hon. Lady Stanley.

The Right Hon. Lady Francis Sandon.

Lord George Bentinck.

Lady Harriet Paget.

Lady Caroline Murray.

The Right Hon. Lady Teignmouth.

The Right Hon. Dowager Lady Selby.

The Right Hon. Lady Aylmer.

The Hon. Mrs. Leicester Stanhope.

Lady Shelley.

Lady Couper.

Lady Wheeler.

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Mrs. Farre.

Donations of works of all kinds are earnestly and respectfully solicited to furnish the stalls and the contributors are requested to affix to them the prices they design them to produce. All contributions forwarded to Philipps, 22 Pall-mall, or to the Secretary, 29 Great Marlborough-street, will be promptly and gratefully acknowledged.

Contributions in money or value will be received by the Secretary, or by the Bankers, Messrs. Barclay & Co., Goss, Blundell & Co., Cottrell, Drummond & Co., Glynn, Hall, & Co.; Hankins & Co.; Herries, Farquhar, & Co.; Ranson & Co.; Williams, Dencon, & Co.; and by Messrs. Hatchard, Piccadilly; and Messrs. Nibet & Co., Berners-street, &c.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.
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20 Great Marlborough-street, Feb. 27, 1846.

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The Working Model is in operation, and open to inspection at the Offices of the Company, No. 5, Pall Mall East, between the hours of 11 A.M. and 1 P.M., where Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be had.

By order, D. E. AUSTIN, Secretary.

CONCERTS of ANCIENT MUSIC.—NO. 100 Pall Mall, near the Royal Exchange.

—The Right Hon. Charles Fox.—The subscribers are respectfully informed that the CONCERTS this season will take place on the following Wednesday evenings:—March 11, 25 April 22, 29; May 6, 13, 20, and 27. The Rehearsals will commence on the Monday morning preceding each Concert, at 12; the Concerts at half-past 8. The subscribers are requested to bring their Tickets to the Royal Exchange, Music Shop, 26 Old Bond Street, where Subscriptions are received, and Programmes of the Concerts may be had.

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